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THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY: ITS DIFFICULTIES AND PROSPECTS.

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with the columns of the Dublin newspapers are aware that a correspondence has been lately going on with reference to the new Catholic University, characterised by language, to say the least, somewhat excited. Various articles have also appeared in the same journals, all indicative of a state of feeling among the supporters, or quasi-supporters, of the University, which it is impossible not to deplore. Neither letters nor articles tell the whole truth, but they suggest quite as much as they distinctly declare; and they are sufficient to show that a period of crisis has arrived in the history of the University, which cannot fail materially to affect its future destiny.

Whether or not it may have been judicious, or even justifiable, to print such statements as have been given to the public eye, we are not now about to inquire. On this point probably opinions will differ, even among good and loyal Catholics, to some considerable extent. But considering what has been said, and, moreover, what has been left unsaid, we cannot help endeavouring to point out to our readers what appear to us to be the principal difficulties of the new institution, and what the only conditions on which it can fulfil the duties of a really Catholic University for the British empire. When such subjects are once mooted, and angry feelings have once worked themselves to the surface, it is a most mistaken policy to attempt to stifle a full and free discussion of the actual state of the case. Loyalty, obedience, prudence, and charity, may combine to keep the tongue tied, so long as serious evils, though known to exist, are hidden from the public eye; but when once the veil has been lifted, the same virtues combine to urge a different course of action, and bid

us speak aloud those very truths which beforehand we should not have ventured even to whisper.

Every one, then, who knows how Catholic affairs stand in this kingdom has been all along aware that the grand obstacles to the prosperity of the University would be caused by Catholics, and not by Protestants. The difficulties thrown in its way by an adverse Government, or by the general influence of Protestantism in some shape or other, might indeed be serious. But such hindrances as these could have been foreseen from the beginning; and it was evident that they would in all probability only be such as could be mastered by reasonable prudence, perseverance, and devotion to the cause. But obstacles from within, it has always been known, would be far worse evils. From their very nature it was impossible to foresee in what particular guise they would present themselves, by what combinations they would perplex, and by what obstinate persistency they might weary out those whose sole object was the success of the University in the sense in which its foundation was recommended by the Holy See.

When two combatants stand openly opposed to each other, if you know their relative strength and the weapons they employ, it is easy to calculate pretty exactly what kind of wounds they will naturally inflict, and who will win in the end. But put a score of people, not altogether the best of friends, into a ship's cabin at sea, and then let the vessel be tossed violently to and fro in a tempest, and see if you can guess beforehand whose head will be broken; whose temper will vent itself on his tumbling neighbour, instead of laying the blame on the winds; and how many of the whole score will be found permanently *hors-de-combat* when the hurricane is past. We Catholics are somewhat in the condition of these storm-tossed passengers. We are shut up with one another, comparatively few in number, and called on by every duty to the Church to bear and forbear one with another's mistakes and infirmities, and to do all honour to those of our fellow-Catholics who labour heartily for the good of others, even though not precisely in our own fashion. Yet our tendency to disagree, not pleasantly and charitably, but unpleasantly and uncharitably, is one of the most notorious causes of the ill-success of many of our undertakings. Our faith and our conscience force us to aim at the same ends, but our ignorance and want of self-control set us knocking our heads one against another; while our enemies make a jest of our squabbles, and imagine that our faith is not one because our private animosities are so many. Undoubtedly there are certain excuses to be found which to some degree palliate the folly and criminality with

which we might otherwise be chargeable on account of our dissensions,—excuses which attach to us as Catholics in distinction from Protestants of any denomination. But at present our purpose is not to dwell upon these palliations. We wish to analyse the character of the difficulties which the new University has to encounter, chiefly through the operation of these personal and un-Catholic feelings amongst us. The subject has been now brought before the public in so pointed and yet so unsatisfactory a manner, that we cannot fairly be charged with indiscretion, if we say things to which, under other circumstances, we should have been the last to give utterance.

These internal difficulties, then, may be classed under four heads: the money difficulty, the student difficulty, the national difficulty, and the personal difficulty. They are of very different degrees of importance; but still all may be considered as real obstacles to the permanent success of the undertaking. We shall take them in the order in which we have now placed them; and in thus arranging them, we have been guided by what appears to us to be their relative moment.

The first, then, and the least, is the money difficulty. The money question is not only the difficulty which can be most easily overcome, but it is that which, even when solved, is very far indeed from helping the other problems to a solution. Its solution would be involved in the solution of the rest; but alone it can do little towards the great work of which it is, though a necessary part, yet only a preliminary. As for any actual impossibility of raising sufficient funds by private subscription to find the proper maintenance of a university staff, we do not believe for a moment in its existence. The Catholics of the United Kingdom are perfectly ready to furnish such annual payments as would be wanted, in addition to what they have already given, *if only they are properly called upon*. But this proper calling involves, first, a systematic and periodical recommendation of its claims by the clergy and influential laymen; and secondly, a proof on the part of the University itself that the whole affair is not to end in smoke, or what is much the same thing, in a provincial job. How are all the vast sums annually raised which are collected by the various Protestant religious and philanthropic societies? Simply by the periodical recommendation of their merits to their neighbours by the parochial ministers and the laity of each neighbourhood. These societies are as numerous as are the chief sections of English and Irish Protestantism; and the society which is venerated as if it was the work of a living apostle in one place, is snubbed, scouted, or

hated in another. But still each association has its own special set of willing supporters in large numbers, some in one spot, some in another. These people only wait to be asked from year to year, and they open their purse-strings. Of course the asking is accompanied with a little talking and stimulating; and to our ears this same talking savours not a little of folly and fudge. But the folly and the fudge are part of the cause, not part of the money-collecting machinery. All that is necessary is, that the local clergy and laity *care* about the work. The metropolitan executive then sets them going; and sums of money astounding to Catholic ears are the unfailing result.

Just so with the Catholic University. If the English and Irish clergy—but especially the latter—take a *bonâ-fide* and personal interest in the success of the institution, it will cost them but very little trouble to send up ample funds for all its necessities. We do not mean, of course, that sort of interest which to-day blazes up like a furnace, and to-morrow is cold as ice; which depends on party-spirit, or a desire for flooring the godless colleges, or a personal liking for this man or that; but a conscientious, deep-seated conviction of the advantages which a well-conducted university must bring to the Catholic faith, and to all who submit to that faith. This is the only sort of conviction which will last long enough, or be sufficiently active, to collect the funds without which a university simply cannot be.

For opening the purses of the more educated and better-informed laity, this zeal on the part of the clergy would, indeed, not suffice, if it stood alone. They must see clearly that the money is not going to be thrown into that dark abyss which has swallowed up so many promising Catholic undertakings. While it remains doubtful whether the work can last, and become what it ought to be and what they want, they will unquestionably not go on giving their money. They will, some of them, give handsomely for once, or even twice; but no permanent support can be expected while the air is filled with rumours indicating a questionable stability in the whole affair. So long as people know, or hear, that A quarrels with B; that C is getting utterly disheartened with his difficulties; that D has notions irreconcilable with every sound theory of university education; that E, — in short, that if the University succeeds, it must be *in spite of* many of its supporters; so long, we may rest assured, people will hold back their subscriptions. Whether these rumours are true or false, the result is the same. Their very existence is a blight on the pecuniary resources of the University. We

want no unreasonable advance in the institution. We know that it is yet in its infancy, and that it cannot have done more than make a fair start. Nay, we should suspect it of being more or less a delusion, if it *had* some marvellous stories to tell of its instantaneous and unparalleled success. We know also that its difficulties must be great; that all great works encounter serious obstacles, because they are generally designed to cure serious evils; and that the circumstances of English and Irish Catholics are not such as to warrant an expectation that this great work would prove an exception to the general rule. But we do want to see that an advance is being made *towards* overcoming these difficulties. We want to see that good feeling, common sense, loyalty to the Church, and a hearty love for literary cultivation, are combining to master the difficulties of the situation. We want to see that the success that has been already gained by the labours of the authorities, and the good conduct and attention of the students, are not imperilled, and in a fair way to be thrown away, through the operation of evils which would destroy the fairest hopes, and level the noblest institutions to the ground.

Again, it appears to us to be a mistake of not a little consequence, to imagine that large funds necessarily imply the real and permanent prosperity of the undertaking. If the University is to achieve the noble work of training the young men of the upper classes of the United Kingdom, something more is wanted than a heavy balance at the banker's. Every thing depends on what the University is, and not on what it has. If it is behind the age, if it is provincial, if it is lax, if it is over-stringent in discipline, if it is a mere big school, if it is Gallican in theology, if it coquets with the State, if it courts quarrels with the State,—these are the evils which will destroy its efficacy, in spite of tens of thousands of pounds consigned to the pockets of professors and students. And we dwell upon this point, because there is a tendency in some people's minds to identify its prosperity with its wealth; and on the other hand, to depreciate the success it has achieved because its revenues are not so flourishing as they once promised to be. Nothing can be more unfair to the rector, professors, and students, than to throw cold water on their work because the funds at their disposal are not large. If *they* had shown symptoms of misconceiving their office, or of falling short of their duties, there would be some reason for anticipating a positive failure from within. If the University itself was not only small, but a sham; if it was a got-up, forced, un-academic, un-Catholic concern; the artificial result of a

temporary excitement,—then indeed we should look upon the diminution of its revenues as a preliminary to its extinction; and should hold that it not only would die, but deserved to die. But there is not a shadow of a proof—nay, marvellous to say, scarcely a report—of any thing like a failure, so far as the prudence, zeal, capacity, and character of the superiors is concerned; while the number of students and their conduct is fully such as could be looked for in the early infancy of such an institution.

This, however, brings us to what we have named as the second difficulty which the University has to overcome—viz. that of the students. We do not mean any supposed difficulty of teaching and controlling the junior members of the University, but the difficulty of getting students at all in sufficient numbers. It might at first be supposed that here at least there would be no obstacle to get over. Considering that the University is founded by the direct authority of the Pope; considering also how loud we Catholics of England and Ireland have been in our boastings of our attachment to the Holy See; considering, again, what an outcry many of us have raised against the godless colleges, and mere worldly education in general,—the simple-minded observer might have imagined that the Pope had but to set a real Catholic university a-going, to have its portals crowded with eager applicants for admission; and that the only question would be, how to dispose of and instruct such an embarrassing multitude of enthusiastic youths. Truly would the same simple-minded observer be astonished when he came to test our professions by our practice, and learnt, for the first time in his life, that to grumble at evils is one thing, and to make the best use of good opportunities is another. He would discover that there were sundry qualifications attached to these exuberant protestations of loyalty to Rome, and of antagonism to Protestant governments and Protestant institutions. He would see that many a parent who shouted till he was hoarse about his exclusion from old Catholic foundations, would not spare a few pounds a year in order to send his own son to a living Catholic institution; preferring the cheap honours of religious and patriotic talk to the more expensive but real advantages of religious and patriotic action. Many too, he would perceive, after all, *did* value the favour of the State and the world to an extent for which their vehement declamations of spiritual single-mindedness had little prepared him. The wishes of the Holy See, the labours of the prelates, the character of the rector and his associates,—all this would go for little with that class—alas, too numerous—in

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whom the spirit of flunkeyism has taken up its abode. Such as these value a university education not for what it is, but for what it seems to be; not for what it makes their children, but for the vulgar approbation of the multitude. So long as the Queen's majesty, with her gingerbread representative in Dublin, vouchsafe no smile—so long as the rank, wealth, and insolence of Protestantism turns up its imperious nose at the nascent institution—so long as no immediate gain of pounds, shillings, and pence is to be got by studying there—so long does this numerous class of Catholic parents hold aloof, or damn with faint praise, or rejoice to propagate ill-natured stories, or, in short, do any thing but what they ought to do.

To the influence of these dishonourable feelings we must add the action of other causes, more or less harmless or excusable, but still tending to keep parents from sending their sons to the young university. Such are, apathy, an excessive caution, a desire to see how the thing works before they do any thing themselves to help it; with sundry other little feelings of a like kind. Taking these causes all together, so far from wondering that there are not hundreds of eager applicants for admission, we only wonder there are so many students at Dublin as there are. For ourselves, we never expected more at the beginning. We utterly distrusted three-fourths of the talk that used to be uttered on the subject; and felt assured that when it came to doing any real work, the loudest blusterers would be the most backward supporters. Accordingly, we hold that the actual attendance of students is amply sufficient to encourage the upholders of the University; and that the past and present backwardness of parents is no proof that they will not gradually learn wisdom, or be shamed out of their apathy. Such an undertaking takes a generation thoroughly to root itself, much more to bear abundant fruit. Only a new generation of fathers of families will adequately comprehend and cordially appreciate its merits. Few things change more slowly than old prejudices on the subject of education. Men who have been deprived of it themselves are often reluctant to take any trouble to give it to their children. People who have gone on from year to year thinking that the grand cure for all evils is to clamour about their magnitude, are often perfectly helpless when some simple remedy is actually put into their hands. Still, the gradual change in ideas does take place. The old baseless caprices vanish one by one; or they become unfashionable, and people are ashamed to own to them. And so it will be in the present case. Unless the University dies by its own hand, the middle and upper

classes of England and Ireland will before long awaken like men out of sleep, and wonder at their own past insensibility to its claims. No one can say how soon this may be, or how long it may take to convince them of their blindness to their own interests. But we know with what extraordinary rapidity affairs have moved in the Catholic body during the last ten or fifteen years; and we are therefore warranted in thinking that it may require only a few more years to convince the gentry of England and Ireland that a university like that now commenced in Dublin is absolutely essential for the remedy of those defects over which we have so long and so loudly lamented.

The third difficulty which we have named is of a far more serious kind; and on its solution depends the question whether the University is to be a great national or a small provincial institution. Unhappily, as is notorious, there exists between certain portions of the English and the Irish races a species of feeling which makes it difficult for them to unite in practical action. We do not now stop to analyse the exact nature of this cause of mutual repulsion, or to account for it, or to blame it, or to justify it, or to show which party is most to blame, or which is most under its influence. It is sufficient merely to recall the fact of its existence. And no man can ignore that fact in contemplating the future of Catholic academic prospects in the United Kingdom. The feeling is too old, too deeply-seated, and too readily called into action, to be overlooked for a moment. We may give it what name we please; we may call it antipathy, or mistrust, or jealousy, or doubt, or irritability, or any thing else which will partly or wholly express what both parties feel, or what one of them more especially feels; there the fact remains.

Moreover the tie of a common religion is not sufficient to overcome the repellent forces of these dislikes. It modifies their action, it is true. In some cases it so far overrules them, that though they exist, they do little or no harm. But with the generality of those persons who are under their influence, the fact that both sides are Catholic goes for little better than nothing. The wishes of the Holy See, the cause of religion itself, the dictates of common sense and enlightened patriotism, all go to the wall, under the influence of a miserable antipathy and jealousy, the result of times gone by, or of ill-conduct on the part of those with whom the present undertaking has nothing to do.

The consequence in the case of the new University is this: that a certain class of minds in Ireland regard the appointment of Englishmen, as such, to offices of trust and authority

as simply an intrusion on ground which ought to be held exclusively by the Irish-born. They are even more jealous of Englishmen than of foreigners of any country. A continental heretic would be more endurable in their eyes than an English Catholic. We speak, of course, only of some persons; but they are sufficiently numerous and influential to constitute these suicidal notions a thing of serious moment. Others, on the contrary, every whit as good Irishmen, detest this pseudo-nationality in matters of religion and literature. They see as clearly as possible not only the absurd and anti-Catholic theories which it involves, but they foresee the practical impossibility of carrying out a scheme based upon ideas so narrow-minded and short-sighted. To such as these we would offer an apology for the freedom with which we are speaking of the mistakes of their fellow-countrymen, but that they would ask for none and desire none. They agree with us; they lament over these unhappy delusions quite as sorrowfully as we can do; and we believe that they will be gratified rather than annoyed at meeting with any thing like plain-speaking on a subject of such vast importance, however much they may be pained at the circumstances which call it forth.

Counting, then, upon their hearty approval, we have no hesitation in saying that this notion of placing the management of the University solely in the hands of Irishmen would be utterly fatal to its prosperity, not only as a national, but as an *Irish* institution. Being in Ireland, it has been placed under the Irish episcopacy as its supreme authority. This is natural and just; no Englishman ever dreamt of supposing it could be otherwise, or wishing it otherwise. But when it comes to the staff of strictly university-officers, the application of the local principle becomes simply ridiculous. Were it the sole object of the Pope and its other founders to erect a place of education for young Irishmen only, the idea of making all its professors and lecturers Irish exclusively would be bad enough. Even in this case the idea betrays a total ignorance of the principles on which every successful university has been carried on, and a blindness to the particular facts of this present time. Were there no wish to have a single student from England, America, the continent of Europe, or the colonies, no Catholic university *could* do its duty to the Irish youth if exclusively Irish in its staff. A man whose own education had been interfered with by misfortunes and illness might as well expect to be able to educate his own children without any assistance from those more fortunate than himself. The very nature of the case

implies as much. Ireland, through the influence of the penal laws, and other causes, has been placed for ages in circumstances unfavourable to the cultivation of the youth of her upper and middle classes to the extent which they deserve. Dr. Lyons, himself an Irishman, recently called the attention of his countrymen to the astonishingly small proportion of the wealthier classes of Irishmen who have had the benefit of a university education. He has found that while Scotland stands the highest among civilised countries in this respect, Ireland is actually the lowest. How, then, is it possible that Ireland, thus long stripped of the advantages of other countries, can suddenly supply from her own resources alone such a staff of authorities, from the rector downwards, as can, by their reputation, experience, and knowledge, carry an infant university through all the untried difficulties which must beset its progress? To call it "patriotic" to cry out for Irishmen only in such a case, is absolutely childish. Noble patriotism, indeed, to debar one's country from a remedy for the ills which we lament, unless administered by men born either in Leinster, Munster, Ulster, or Connaught! We shall next hear of some sound Protestant, when shivering under the ague, refusing to take quinine because the use of bark was introduced by the Jesuits; or of Evangelical young ladies rejecting camellia-blossoms for the adorning of their hair because the flower was named after Camellus, a member of the same papistical and idolatrous society.

But the absurdity becomes tenfold when it is remembered that the University is specially intended for all Catholics who speak the English tongue, and for as many continental Catholics as have an inclination for education under the spirit of national British ideas. It was *not* designed to be a local or provincial institution, but a great national university. It was meant for Catholics as such, without reference to race, birthplace, or politics. It was designed to keep pace with the altered situation of our religion in the whole United Kingdom,—with our advance in numbers, wealth, cultivation, and social position. Those persons who wish to stamp it with an exclusive character are the real intruders; they are attempting to appropriate to themselves the sole benefit of what was designed for them only in conjunction with others. It is a violation of the first principle of its existence to nail up the cry of "Ireland for the Irish" as a motto over its portals. It is not the "Irish Catholic University" at all; it is the Catholic "University of Dublin." The fact that Dublin is in Ireland no more proves that the University is meant to be specially Irish, than the fact that Oxford is in

Oxfordshire proves that it is not designed for people born in Yorkshire or Middlesex. It is founded in Dublin, rather than elsewhere, not because Dublin is in Ireland, but because it is the most convenient *Catholic* centre.

Does any rational man, then, suppose that as a Catholic institution the University can flourish, if it is carried on upon the basis of the exclusion of Englishmen from its practical management? Is any Irishman so blind to facts as to imagine that its halls can be filled with students from every part of the British empire, if it is once supposed that it is governed by the spirit of a pettifogging provincialism? We do not ask whether Irishmen would like to be able thus to attract the youth of the world solely by their own local merits;—that is not the question. The question is, *can* they do it? Surely there can be but one answer to the query,—It is simply impossible: there is but one feasible way of carrying on the University, namely, by utterly discountenancing and rejecting every petty distinction of race and birthplace, and by confiding the instruction and discipline of the students to the most competent authorities who can be induced to undertake it. On this principle the staff of authorities was originally filled up, though not with such a consistent disregard of foolish and self-destructive prejudices as might have been wished. Still, the right principle was indicated with sufficient distinctness; and the excellent feelings which have personally existed between the various professors and lecturers, of whatever country, have shown that it really *is* possible to work the University on the basis of common sense and unalloyed Catholicism. How much of the actual prosperity of the young University is due to the extreme good sense, cordiality, sincerity, and liberality of mind, of the whole body of its working authorities, we believe is little known to the criticising public. On this point, happily, there has been no difficulty. The wretched jealousies of race have been determinately trodden under foot; and the more the superiors of the University have known of each other, the more closely have they been united by the bonds of mutual regard.

The only question is, whether this happy commencement is to be neutralised by the gradual encroachment of a bigoted provincialism. The struggle must come sooner or later; and one of the two conflicting principles must give way altogether. The species of compromise which has been allowed to modify certain original arrangements can be accepted only as a temporary acquiescence in evils which cannot be instantly confronted. But it must be temporary only. If such a pressure arises as shall give the provincial element a distinct

locus standi in the University, farewell its prospects as a national institution. Farewell all hopes of seeing it supply the wants of the Catholics of the United Kingdom. The whole affair will collapse into a job; the best friends of Ireland will be disheartened, and her most patriotic children made sick at heart at the failure of the one great work which they had flattered themselves would flourish superior to the littlenesses, the bigotries, and the heartburnings, which have long cost them so many sighs.

And this is not all. A rival must arise some where. If the University of Dublin finally settles down into the character of a provincial establishment, it will share the fate of all things provincial. Neither a university, nor a city, nor a territory, can be at once national and provincial. Ireland itself is not yet, in the estimation of many Irishmen, definitively either one or the other. They cannot make up their minds to drop their old notions of being great, influential, and illustrious, as a distinct division of the United Kingdom, and with a sort of antagonism to Great Britain. They cannot grasp the idea of being as much a *part* of the empire as England and Scotland are, and on the same terms. This real equality is a thing which they cannot comprehend, and which they consequently never attempt to bring practically about. They want to be a separate "nation" by themselves, engaged in a sort of partnership in certain matters with Great Britain. This, however, is neither more nor less than an impossibility. Great Britain and Ireland must be one "nation;" a national division is no more possible than a division of languages and manners is possible. The only alternative that remains to Ireland is, to choose whether she will be a "province," or simply a geographical division, of the one grand homogeneous empire. In the former case she voluntarily chooses the inferior lot; she decides upon an antagonism when all the chances of success are against her. In the latter, all rivalry comes to an end. She is at once not merely the equal of Great Britain, but a part, *with* Great Britain, of the United Kingdom. She has no hostile interests, no old feuds to perpetuate, no petty jealousies to indulge. What Great Britain is, such is Ireland: not partners in one firm, but members of one and the same family.

And if this is true in political and social matters, it is still more so in all things touching the Catholic religion, and the education of the upper classes of Catholics. Englishmen, Scotchmen, and gentlemen from the Colonies, will not seek education for their children in a university whose first principle is to allow their own immediate friends and kinsmen no

share, or only an inferior one, in its government. Who does not see that the necessary result of this "Ireland for the Irish" scheme would be to banish all but Irishmen from the lecture-rooms of Dublin? And then what will follow? The erection of another University in England. There can be no doubt about it. It may not arise immediately, and it may not be called a university; but sooner or later the reality will come. The aristocracy and gentry of Great Britain cannot continue much longer without some institution which shall undertake to train their sons in the momentous period between boyhood and manhood. We cannot go on for ever with nothing but schools for our children, although they go by the more ambitious title of colleges. Increasing as we are in numbers and social position, and every year growing more conscious of the urgent necessity of some systematic training for our youth between the ages of eighteen and two or three and twenty, we shall certainly do something to supply our wants if Ireland deliberately refuses us an entrance to the new University in Dublin on terms of absolute equality. With such a competitor, how will Dublin hold its ground even over the Irish gentry and nobles? Every body who knows the laws of human nature must foresee that in this case a large portion of them would prefer the English institution, administered on national principles, to the Irish institution, administered on the basis of a jealous provincialism. Every man who wished his son to take his position among his fellow-countrymen as their equal, would send him for education to a place where nobody cared where he was born and where he came from, and all that was desired was that he was personally fit for the society into which he sought admittance.

This brings us to the last of the four difficulties: the personal difficulty, or, we might almost call it, the political difficulty. It is one most unhappy feature in the state of Irish Catholicism, that the curse of politics is introduced into the very heart of its life. Whiggism and Toryism, and all their kindred modifications, both genuine and sham, thrust their importunate faces up the very steps of the altar, and scowl in anger where nothing should be seen but looks of love and amity. Sometimes one political scheme is the source of dispute, sometimes another; sometimes the virulence of party-spirit contents itself with general questions or abstract proposals, sometimes it concentrates itself in attacks on individuals opposed to one another in political action. But still, there the dark shadow is: there it comes, throwing its baleful gloom over private friendships, over works of mercy and

philanthropy,—nay, over undertakings commenced with the one professed view of furthering the cause of Catholicism, and the culture of Catholics of every class and section. Nothing is too venerable, too delicate, too sacred, for the intrusion of this pertinacious mischief-maker. No matter what a man is, or what his social or ecclesiastical position; no matter what his private worth, his capacity for serving a good cause,—all goes for nothing, if he pleases to exercise the right of choosing his own politics, and decides on a line different from those who have the means of attacking him. We do not say that one side is one whit better than the other, as a whole, whatever be the special bone of contention. There are good and wise men on both sides; and there are noisy uncharitable zealots also, some of them sincere, some of them merely “making capital” out of the delinquencies, real or imaginary, of the opposite side. However, there the evil is: possibly not so vigorous or universal as heretofore, but yet sufficiently so to interfere with the success of the best and noblest works.

Of course the Catholic University has shared the fate of other undertakings. The political blight has entered its neighbourhood, and is dividing those who ought to be its best supporters. Accusations are bandied to and fro in connection with the University, and having a direct tendency to sap its foundations, which have no root except in personal animosities, generally of a political complexion. Nobody is safe from them. Silence goes for nothing, speaking-out goes for nothing, courage goes for nothing, prudence goes for nothing. The one question is, Does this or that man hold my notions on politics? if he does, he is a “patriot,” and he ought to be an influential man in the University; if he does not, he is a traitor, and I will not countenance a place of education which tolerates his presence.

Yet, what folly is this! what ignorance of mankind! what perversity! what ridiculous dogmatism! Will all men ever be agreed about politics? Will all sincere and zealous Catholics ever agree about *any thing* except the doctrines of the Catholic faith? Will public men ever be of one mind as to the terms on which it is best to stand with the secular government? Will they ever be unanimous in advocating identically the same measures for ameliorating the condition of the poor or the suffering? The idea is visionary. Beings who are not omniscient or infallible must disagree, simply because their minds are different in character, and no two persons’ knowledge of facts is identically the same. What right, then, has any man to brand his neighbour’s conduct as

false and detestable, when his moral character is unimpeachable, because his political and social views are unlike those of his accuser? What right have I to point to my own magnificent self, and say, "Behold the standard of all human perfection; let all men admire and imitate, or else be marked as the enemies of their brethren"?

To every sincere friend of the University we say, then, Tolerate not for a single instant the intrusion of this fatal passion within its boundaries. It would injure the prosperity of the most stable of institutions. It will ruin the prospects of one that is only just beginning its course. You have no right to plead the politics of excellent men, of priests, or of Bishops, as an excuse for introducing them where no politics at all should come. Let men have their politics, and act on them, whether prelates or private people. It is their own affair; and they all have a right to their views. But what have Dr. Cullen's or Dr. M'Hale's politics to do with the carrying out an undertaking founded by the formal desire of the Holy See? Some people admire this or that prelate's political conduct, others do not; but is that any reason why the University should be dragged into the discussion?

The evil goes even further. People's minds are so excited by their personal animosities, that they forget the first principles of Catholicism, and almost avow an open and exaggerated Gallicanism. The Archbishop of Dublin happens to be the Papal Legate specially commissioned in the affair of the founding of the University; all the prelates of course joining in the work. But we have people, good and influential, who dislike Dr. Cullen's politics, actually maintaining that the Irish hierarchy and clergy would be justified in turning a cold shoulder to the University because Dr. Cullen has been much concerned in it; in other words, and to speak plain English, in snubbing the Holy See in the person of the Archbishop of Dublin. It cannot be too urgently insisted that the University owes its origin not to any local or provincial source, but that it is the result of the formal advice of the Head of the Catholic Church; and that any systematic throwing of cold water upon its management, on the ground of personalities of *any* kind, is nothing less than a disloyal unwillingness to co-operate with the Pope himself in his efforts for the benefit of English and Irish Catholics.

Once more, then, we repeat, keep your personalities, your antipathies, your politics, your provincialisms, to their congenial hotbeds. Nourish them, if you will, in committee-rooms, on platforms, in Rotunda-meetings, and on the backstairs of the Castle, where a mock-royalty puts forth its gilded

attractiveness. But away with them from the walls of a Christian University. There we wish to know no distinctions save those of orthodox faith, profound learning, and academic zeal.

FATHER SOUTHWELL AND HIS CAPTURE.

HAVING said something about the poetry of Father Robert Southwell in our last Number, we propose now to give some little account of a portion of his life. We have found Mr. Turnbull's memoir rather deficient both in accuracy and in completeness; the latter fault may perhaps be attributable to restricted space, or want of time, or fear of compromising himself with his public and his publisher if he made his book too violently Popish: but among the inaccuracies are some that deface the fair fame of persons who gave their lives for their religion, and who ought to be treated with more respect than is implied in perpetuating the mendacious calumnies of their enemies. In our present Number we propose to give some particulars of the life of the martyr, from his landing in England to his imprisonment, which have been omitted both by Bishop Challoner and by Mr. Turnbull; only premising that the original documents which we publish are either from the British Museum or from the State-Paper Office, where a little more industry would have enabled Mr. Turnbull to find them for himself.

Father Southwell, with his companion Father Henry Garnett, sailed from "the port" (probably Nieuport in the Low Countries, but certainly not Porto, as Mr. Turnbull calls it) on the 15th July (new style) 1586, having written just before his embarkation a letter in his own beautiful Bernardine Latin to his confessor, the perfume of which is quite lost by translation, and of which therefore we will only print a few sentences in a note.* On the third day after setting sail (July 7, old style) they landed somewhere on the east coast, doubtless with all the secrecy possible and in the fittest disguise they could invent. But nothing could conceal their advent from the practised vigilance of the sagacious blood-

* He begs his friend to pray that "*corporis mortem aut utiliter fugiam, aut viriliter sustineam. Mittor ego quidem in medium luporum, ac utinam ut ovis, pro illius qui mittit nomine fideque ad occisionem ducendus. Certe terrâ marique mihi sat scio inhiaturos plurimos, qui non solum ut lupi, sed tanquam leones circumeunt, quærentes quem devorent; quorum ego non tam timeo quam expeto morsus; nec tam horreo torturos quam coronaturos exposco, &c.*"

hounds of Walsingham. A letter of "secret advertisements," without name or date, from one of these gentry to his master, is extant in the State-Paper Office,* which contains the information: "Two Jesuits arrived upon the coast of Suffolk and Norfolk: the one called Southwell, son to Mr. Southwell, of Norfolk; the other Allen, son to the widow Hone, whose last husband was judge of one of the sheriffs' courts in London." However, they were not taken, but were able to accomplish their journey to London, where Father Southwell arrived a few days before July 22 (St. Mary Magdalen's day). He was first entertained by Lord Vaux of Harrowden, the same who was imprisoned and fined for receiving Campian, at his house at Hackney. He appears to have brought a letter of introduction to this generous and zealous Catholic from Father Parsons, who is said to have reconciled him to the Church. Here he remained till July 23, when he says he was sent for to another place, probably Lady Arundel's house; from whence he seems to have written a letter to the General of the Jesuits at Rome on the 25th. Whether this letter reached its destination or not we have no means of knowing; we only know that it passed through the hands of some of Walsingham's agents, who kindly furnished "his honour" with the following abstract thereof:

"At his coming to London he spoke with divers Catholics in prison, and with the party to whom he was commended from the superior, at whose house he was well entertained, and said mass upon St. Magdalen's day; and the next day was sent for to any other place.

His coming into the realm did greatly encourage all the Catholics here, who did before imagine that they were as it were forsaken by the Society.

Many priests have been taken of late, but not so hardly used nor kept as before-times; and some also for money released and set at liberty.

In the court there is somewhat said to be in hand, which if it take effect, the Catholics are then to look for all extremities; but if it go not forward, then is hope for all quietness.

That the Catholics, which since the making of the last statute were stricken in some fear, do now begin to fear less and less, and to gather their spirits higher.

That in three or four shires together there is not one priest, though desired of many; and unless some supply be sent over, the Catholic cause will be very much impaired.

It was propounded to the Earl of Arundel by the council, and (as was thought) by the queen, that if he would but carry the sword

* Domestic, 1590, no. 414. The document is probably misplaced: the latter name was a mistake, unless Allen was an alias of Garnett.

before her when she went to church, and stay there till the end of prayers, he should be set at liberty. But he surely will do nothing that shall not be lawful and agreeable with the duty of a Catholic.

A certain priest was taken in mariner's apparel and brought to the court into the queen's sight, who asked him merely whether he would convert her. He answered, he would do his endeavour in it willingly. But she replied that he must first convert her women; and so, after many mockings, he was committed to prison.

That divers priests do their duties wonderfully, as well in confirming as converting many, and in other offices of a priest; so that the heretics do term some of them to be conjurors and enchanters.

That he likewise doth employ himself diligently in hearing confessions and other duties of a priest, without fear or fainting.*

Alas for the poor Catholics who were now beginning to fear less and less, the matter in hand at the court resulted in no other than the sanguinary statute of the 27th Elizabeth, assigning the penalty of death to all harbourers and comforters of seminary priests or Jesuits. The Anglican bishops could not endure the spectacle of so many of them "doing their duties wonderfully well in confirming and converting," and were continually demanding that the reviving religion should be repressed by any violence requisite; and the Queen and Parliament were not slow to second their advice. But without giving much heed to this ripening plot, Father Southwell lost no time in applying to the work he had undertaken, and soon found himself in the condition to give more detailed information to his superior. The letter, of which the following is an abstract, was apparently written a very short time after the former:

"He shows that his coming over and name are descried already.

He procured F. Richard money to apparel himself, but yet saw him not for fear of taking; and writes that F. Richard's fellow is taken.

That *F. Tirrell*,† a man that hath done much good, is taken; and two days before the writing hereof two others; as also *Martinus Arraius*,‡ who, as he hears, hath procured by money to be pardoned his life, but shall be banished.

That *F. Cornelius*§ (called by the Protestants a conjuror and

* State-Paper Office, Domestic, 1586, July 25, no. 411.

† Father Tirrell, captured in 1586. Yielded to the fear of death, and became apostate. Was released from prison, under pretence of going to Suffolk to help capture recusants; but wrote to the queen to say that he had only yielded through fear of death. Recaptured in the north; again made a public apostasy; but finally escaped to France and recanted. (See Strype, A. iii. i. 615-619, 697-99, &c.)

‡ Martin Aray, Ara, or Arre, sent in 1577 from Rheims to Rome, to help found the English college. Sent on the English mission 1579; captured in 1586; but by bribery "had favour to be banished;" but still remained as a priest in the north of England. (Harleian Ms. 360, fol. 10.)

§ Cornelius, martyred at Dorchester July 4, 1594. (Challoner, vol. i. no. 102.)

enchanter) is in safety, and doth much good by his singular gift in preaching.

That FF. Brushfoord* and Stafferton, and Christoferus, are well, and profit much.

Complains of the want of priests; and that three whole shires, having great store of Catholics in them, have not one priest amongst them; and so divers other places.

Desires to be commended to one Roberts, a Londoner; and speaks much in praise of that Roberts's mother, and that she looks for her son's coming and desires it.

He dispraiseth one (whom he calleth blind, and puts a word in cipher in the margin for his name), blames him of covetousness; that himself got to see that man's congregation here by means of one Emerford. That he begins to reclaim himself.

He heareth ill-report of one whose name he sets down in cipher; that that party had dealings with one (whose name is likewise set down in cipher), and at his command went into France and is returned. He fears this man is a dissembler, and complains much of the danger they are in by such false brethren.

He desires to be recommended to his brethren of the seminary, in particular to Anthony Burley, Messingham, Elmer.

That he saw one Matthews' brother well, and in good case; but writes that Humfrey, one Parminus brother, is condemned to die with Tirrell, but the execution yet deferred.

He desires further to be commended to Father Leonard, Vicatius, Humfredus, and Father Hoffeus, F. Secretary and F. Mag-
gius.

Subscribed,

ROBERT."†

There ought to be several more of such documents; for Father Southwell complains of his letters miscarrying by some man's treachery; but we have failed to discover them.

It must have been a very difficult thing to collect materials for these news-letters, which he seems to have transmitted with regularity to his superiors on the Continent. We can scarcely imagine a greater contrast to his life than that of an ordinary collector of news. Secluded as he was, he must have had wonderful versatility to enable him to become "the chief dealer in the affairs of our state of England for the Papists," as he was described by Boord, a spy, to Lord Burghley, in 1591. The priests in those days were not much less fettered in the houses of the nobility than in the prisons themselves.

"Nowhere do priests lodge more straitly than in the palaces of the greatest nobles of England. For in those great households, among crowds of heretics, there are but few Catholic servants,—

* F. Brushfoord's confession may be seen, Lansdowne Ms. 96, art. 63. Part of it is published by Ellis, *Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 91.

† Domestic, 1586, undated, no. 755.

whether because few are to be found fit for the chief offices, or because the masters think they are in less danger of discovery from allowing but few to know their secrets. So the priest is generally lodged in the most distant part of the house, out of earshot, only known to one or two of the servants, shut up in a little room, where he passes days and nights 'as the sparrow, a solitary in the roof;' cautiously letting in a little fresh air by the window, cautious of stirring, for fear of being heard by those who ought not to know about him; saying mass in the presence of a few, and sometimes conversing with still fewer. From the abundant table some moderate portion is secretly carried to him by his servant, enough to support life, but certainly not sufficient to pamper the appetite."*

No one was better framed both by nature and grace to use this solitude well than Southwell. He found the advantages of it, and tried to impress his own love of it on his more unreflecting brethren. The following letter was written by him to a priest who seemed to be in danger from his unsettled mode of life and want of a fixed home :

"I am very sorry to hear of your unsettled way of living : visiting many people, at home with none. We are all, I know, pilgrims ; but it is our life, not our road, that is uncertain. The curse made Cain a vagabond and fugitive in the earth. Inconstancy is a disease of the mind always changing to new places, and never able to find a holy thought wherein it can rest. Variety of company is the parent of idleness and instability, and is more apt to spoil than to perfect nature, however good. Who is more sunburnt than he who is always on the road ? The eyes, perhaps, are fed with a change of objects, but they suffer the more from wind and dust. You will not often find virtue on the highway ; rare is the company from which you depart more innocent. Experience is costly, if it is purchased with the chance of doing evil. Better to be ignorant of other men's manners than to be a stranger in one's own house. It is difficult to adapt one canvas to so many different pictures. Diversity begets confusion, but does not perfect art. It is difficult to imitate one thing well. Graft your thoughts into one thoroughly good stock ; suck the sap from a racy root ; change of juices ripens not but rots the fruit. He who is fellow with all, is friend to none : you will never be your own, if you are always with every body. Among many passing guests you will find but few friends. Do not transplant your mind so often ; give it time to drive its roots into some one soil. Plants often moved grow not, but wither. That is an unwholesome appetite that tastes of every thing and likes nothing. He who sips of all, and sticks to none, is unsteady of heart. Recall, then, your senses. Restrain your vagrant mind. Turn over a new leaf. Esteem yourself worth something which you may cleave to for the future. Be at home somewhere, and then live by rule : go forth to other places like a visitor looking homewards. Like the bees,

* More, *Historia Missionis Anglicanæ* S. J. lib. v. p. 184.

gather the honey from the flowers, and then take it home, and there go about your domestic duties, which begin with prudence, and end in gain. I wish you to put bounds to your social geniality, not as I would cage a bird, or condemn an owl to the dark. There is a mean between a dumb solitude or silent obscurity and a continual change of companions: both these extremes are equally bad; the mean between them is best, when we converse whenever there is cause to do so, and retire at stated times. Look at Nature herself: the seasons, day and night, are lessons of this mode of life. There is a time to go abroad, and a time for retreat. While you are at home, reflect how to behave in company, and teach your mind how to dwell in secret on holy thoughts. Let these, with the practice of all virtues, be your chief aim and delight, so that your life may be long and (as I hope from my heart) saintly. Farewell.*

This letter, besides being a favourable specimen of his style, throws some light on the habitual concentration of thought, of which his poems are the best proofs. The unity and simplicity of the few leading ideas, and the wonderful exuberance of illustration employed to bring them out, reflect as it were his lonesome life in his little chamber, preserve the image of the pondering solitary, and illustrate his theory that "diversity begets confusion, while the perfection of art is in unity. That it is enough to imitate one thing well; that one good stock is to be chosen, into which all our ideas are to be grafted." These were his rules of art. After selecting the stock of each poem, he gradually grafted into it the fitting ideas as they arose;—they grew by a process of aggregation from a mere nucleus to the fully-developed creation. There is a copy of his poems among the Harleian Mss. (No. 6921) which Mr. Turnbull would have done well to have collated. Here the chief poem of the printed editions, "St. Peter's Complaint," which now consists of a hundred and thirty-two stanzas, appears quite in a rudimentary state, in twelve stanzas only. The quality has been improved as much as the quantity, as may be seen in the following parallel lines:

I vaunted erst, though all his friends had failed,	Vain in my vaunts, I vowed, if friends had failed,
Alone with Christ all tortures to have tried;	Alone Christ's hardest fortunes to abide;
And lo I, craven, first of all was quailed, &c.	Giant in talk, like dwarf in trial quailed, &c.

The whole poem, like a commonplace book, was the continually-growing receptacle of the poet's thoughts. It reminds one of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* for monotony; but it is far more metaphysical and thoughtful.

Mr. Turnbull reprints from Bishop Challoner two of Father Southwell's letters, written in the early part of 1590.

* More, ut supra, lib. v. no. 22, p. 183.

We have found in the State-Paper Office a much more perfect copy of the second of these two, containing some details of the martyrdom of Christopher Bayles that are omitted by the venerable Bishop. Our translation is more literal than graceful :

“ We have often written to you, but as I have lately heard, few of our letters have come to you, through the false dealing of one, about which F. William will tell you. We are still tossed in the midst of dangers, and, indeed, in no small peril ; from which nevertheless we have been hitherto safely delivered by the grace of God.

We have altogether, to our great comfort, renewed the vows of our society, spending some days in mutual exhortations and conferences ; ‘ we opened our mouths and drew in the Spirit.’ I seemed to myself to behold the cradle of nascent Catholicity in England, of which we now are sowing the seeds in tears, that others may come to carry the sheaves. Yet we have sung the song of the Lord in a strange land ; and in this desert we have sucked honey from the rock, and oil from the hard stone. But this our joy ended in sorrow, and we were dispersed by a sudden alarm ; but in the end we escaped with more danger than hurt. I and another of us, in avoiding Scylla, fell into Charybdis ; but by an especial mercy of God we escaped both dangers, and are now at anchor in harbour.

Among others, there was lately taken a priest named Christopher Bales, of the county of Durham, a scholar first of the Roman college, then of that at Rheims. For twenty-four whole hours he was suspended by the hands, just touching the ground with the tips of his toes, cruelly tortured, and wearied by various questions, to all which he gave this one answer, That he was a Catholic priest, and had come to recall souls to Christ’s fold, and never intended or wished any other thing. From Bridewell, formerly a house of correction for strumpets and cutpurses, but now for Catholics, he was removed to another prison, and there put in the same cell with a puritan heretic, whence he was shortly taken to be tried, and capitally condemned on the express count, that being a priest ordained by papal authority, he had come into England. They asked him whether the Pope might depose the queen ; and he answered that it was in the Pope’s power to depose princes for just reasons. When they were about to pass sentence upon him, they asked the usual question, whether he could produce any reason why he should not be put to death. ‘ I should like to ask you one question,’ said he. ‘ Was St. Augustine, whom Gregory II. sent into England, a traitor guilty of treason, or not ?’ He was not, they said. ‘ Why, then, do you say that I, sent by the same See for the same purpose, am a traitor, when nothing can be urged against me that might not have been urged against St. Augustine ?’ They had nothing to answer to this but their ‘ Away with him ; crucify him.’

While he was being drawn on the hurdle to the place of execution he sang psalms. When he had gone up the ladder he said,

‘God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ;’ then lifting up his hands to heaven, and signing himself with the sign of the cross as well as he could with his manacled hands, he said, ‘You have come to see a man die—a common sight!—a priest—neither is that unusual! I wish you could see my soul as well as my body, and behold the way in which it departs; for then I am sure that you would both sympathise and rejoice with me, no less than you now with such hatred imprecate curses on my head. From my soul I pardon all men, and I desire all to pardon me.’ Then asking all the Catholics to pray for him (for he said that the prayers of the heretics would do him no service) he fell to his prayers, and shortly after, with fearless countenance and mind, he bravely and constantly underwent death. He suffered on Ash-Wednesday, in the most crowded street of London,* very many of the heretics praising his piety and constancy.

Then the hangman, with hands all bloody with this butchery and quartering, hastens to another street,† to execute a layman, a man of probity, who had been condemned to die for comforting priests, and giving them alms. Before his death, while he was sitting with a lighted candle in his filthy and dark dungeon, seeing the form of a crown on the head of his shadow, he put up his hand to feel what could cause such an appearance; but finding nothing, he changed his place, to try whether it came from some peculiar position of his body; but as he walked, there was the same appearance, which moved when he moved, and stood when he stood, and so remained visible for a whole hour, like a diadem upon his head, to foreshadow his future glory. He told this a little before his martyrdom to a pious woman. Horner was the man’s name; and he gained the palm of victory with as great constancy as the other. With these spring-showers, as it were, the field of the Church was to be watered, that the tender plant might rejoice in such dew-drops. We also are expecting (unless perchance we are unworthy of such an honour) our day to come, as that of the hired servant. In the mean time we earnestly beg the prayers of your lordship, and all the rest, that the Father of Lights may restore to us the joy of His salvation, and confirm us with His princely Spirit. March 8, A.D. 1590.

Your lordship’s obedient servant,

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Indorsed: This relation was translated into Spanish, and presented to all the grandees of Spain, to make them conceive that the number and persecution of Catholics in England was great.”‡

From the “informations” we have found, it appears that though Southwell led a pretty retired life at Lady Arundel’s, he went about London a good deal, “using to Mr. Cotton’s,

* Fleet Street, March 4, 1589-90.

† Smithfield.

‡ State-Paper Office, Dom. March 8, 1591, no. 51. It should be 1590, as the martyrdom of Bayles took place March 4th, that year.

in Fleet Street, and sometimes to Dr. Smith's;" and even occasionally made excursions into Sussex and into the north. In his dress he did not adopt the extravagant disguises which many priests of that day thought it necessary to affect; attiring themselves as gallants, with feathers in their caps and hawks on their fists; with slashed satin doublets and velvet cloaks, and mounted on good horses, with lackeys running by their side. On the contrary, "he was wont to go appparelled in black-rashe,"* with "clothes more fit than fine," as he sings of himself;—a man not very remarkable, of moderate stature, with auburn hair and beard.

But we must now give some account of the incidents which led to his capture. On the 26th of January 1592, Walter Copeland the Bishop of London committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster a girl named Anne Bellamy as an obstinate recusant. She was the granddaughter (not the daughter, as Mr. Turnbull supposes) of William Bellamy, of Uxenden Hall, Harrow, who with his family suffered so severely for his charity in allowing Babington and a few companions to sleep in his barn, and in sending to the poor famishing men a little food. Jerome his son suffered as a traitor; Katherine his wife escaped the gallows by a flaw in the indictment, only to languish and die in prison; Bartholomew, another son, did not commit suicide, as Mr. Turnbull says, but died in torture upon the rack. Robert, another son, would have been hanged, but "brake prison," and escaped; he was, however, recaptured in Germany, on his way to Rome, and several letters of recommendation, of which we give two extracts, were found upon him:

"GOOD SIR ANTHONY,—Being in London in prison, it is my good fortune to be acquainted with your brother-in-law and Mr. Bellamy; and having all three joined in one, we have escaped the danger of our enemies. I am most heartily to request you to show as much favour to this bearer as you would do to me, &c. The gentleman's money was well spent, by reason of great travel and expenses; wherefore I pray you, if occasion serve, help him, and I will see the same well and truly discharged, for he deserveth well; for his mother was condemned for the Queen of Scots, and died in the Tower before execution; *and one of his brothers was racked to death*, and one other of them executed with the fourteen gentlemen; and his wife's days were shortened as the days of your sister, by the tyranny of Justice Young and the pursuivants, &c.—Your assured

From Collen, June 19, 1589.

GEORGE STOKER."†

On the same day, and from the same place, Thomas Heythe,

* Corbett, Secret Advertisements. State-Paper Office, 1592, no. 815.

† Lansdowne, 96, art. 17.]

the companion of Stoker and Robert Bellamy, writes to his brother-in-law, Sir Anthony Snowden, by the same bearer:

"I thought it my part to make you acquainted with my misfortunes, which have happened by the cruelty of our English heretics; who, hunting me and my wife, your sister, from place to place, and not permitting us to rest long any where quietly, at length, spying their opportunity, in my absence, by the aid and assistance of Sir John Bowes, brake up my doors, and put my wife into such a fear, that within five days after she departed this world; after which they arrested all my goods for the queen, and laid wait for me, and not long after by great misfortune apprehended me." (Then he goes on to give some account of their escape, and of the affairs of the rest of his family.)*

The two following documents are from the State-Paper Office:

"The 11th of last month Casimir, Palgrave of the Rhine, by his servant George Sulker, accompanied with two others and a *cocher*, delivered into my custody here in Stade one Robert Bellamy (some time her majesty's prisoner in Newgate, in London) with strait charge to cause him to be safely delivered unto your honour; alleging that as his lord and master had, upon the good affection he beareth to her highness, stayed the said Bellamy going to Rome, and sent copies of such letters as his grace found about him unto your honour; so was he required by you to send such his prisoner unto me to be conveyed as aforesaid, which in regard of my duty I could not refuse. The said George Sulker also required of me such charges as he and his company had been at coming hither, and should sustain in their return, with some gratification (which I gave). I have delivered over the said Bellamy to Mr. John Postek, captain of her highness ship the *Swallow*, with so great (if not greater) charge than was fit and meet for one of my place to give unto such a person, to see him safely delivered unto your honour; which I nothing doubt but he will perform. Stade, 16th Nov. 1589.

To Sir Francis Walsingham.

WILLIAM MILWARD."†

"Heath and Stoker, prisoners in Newgate with Robert Bellamy, having the tools of a carpenter brought thither to mend the floor of a room called Justice Hall, did therein cut certain joices, whereby they got down into a cellar, which had a door into the street, which they opened and escaped, and acquainted Robert Bellamy therewith, and thereby gave him the means of his escape.

He scaped away for his safety in regard of his conscience.

His escape was about eight days before Candlemas-day last past. From London he gat into Scotland, where he remained till May following; and about the latter end of May passed over to Hamburg, and from thence departed towards Cologne, where he, understanding that the forces of the Spanish king were to have then returned to

* Lansdowne, 96, art. 17.

† Domestic, 1589, Nov. 16, no. 499.

the invasion of England, did take his voyage towards Rome, to the end he would not be carried to have gone against his country.

From Cologne, where he stayed but eight days, he departed towards Basle, and coming to a place called Gormaston, a town of the Palgrave's, was there taken for a Spaniard and a spy, and from thence conveyed to Heidelberg to the Duke Casimir.

His intent was not to go to Rome for any practice, but for the matter of his religion; and withal to have gotten some means of maintenance to have lived in those parts with his conscience."*

When brought back to England, he was almost continually in prison; sometimes obtaining a brief liberation for money; but soon committed again by Mr. Justice Young, as may be seen by the Lord Keeper Pickering's papers.†

Richard Bellamy, the father of Anne, was eldest of this heroic band of brothers. Some time before 1592, he had succeeded to the estate of Uxenden, and had married a wife of the same name as his martyred mother Katherine (a circumstance which leads Mr. Turnbull into the mistake of identifying Richard with his father William, and so into a hopeless confusion of the families); and by her had two sons, Faith and Thomas, and three daughters, of whom Anne was the eldest, who was committed to the Gatehouse in 1592 for religion. She had been brought up in a Catholic household, far from the knowledge of evil, where the practice of piety was as natural as eating or walking. Her first introduction to the Babel of the great world was in the tainted atmosphere of a prison, and, unfortunately for her, a prison where the influence of the notorious Topcliffe was paramount. This familiar of Queen Elizabeth improved his opportunities, and soon seduced Miss Bellamy from the path of virtue. "She had not been there six weeks," says Robert Barnes, "but was found in most dishonest order, and before six weeks more, being with child, was delivered from prison by Mr. Topcliffe's means, upon bail, not to depart above one mile from the city."‡ She lodged in Holborn till Midsummer, when, in order that she might pay her own expenses, she was induced to betray Father Southwell into her seducer's hands, under promise from the Council that none should be molested in the house where he was taken.

For some three weeks after she had consented to act the traitor, she was at a loss to get her victim into the trap. On one occasion her brother Thomas called on her, little suspecting to what infamy she had fallen, and was nearly induced by

* Domestic, 1589, Nov. 25, no. 508.

† Harleian Ms. 6998.

‡ Stoneyhurst Ms. Aug. A. ii. 41, published by Tierney, Dodd, vol. iii. App. p. cxvii.

her importunity to take her to Southwell, who lived hard by, and whom she much praised for virtue and learning. She had previously written to her sisters, to beg that if he came to her father's house at Uxenden, she might be told at once, and she would come to see him, notwithstanding any bond to the contrary. Thomas and the sisters refused to have any part in this proceeding; so she found some other means of communicating with Southwell, who shortly afterwards meeting with Thomas Bellamy in Fleet Street, stopped him, and claimed acquaintance as a countryman of his mother's, asking him to stay with him that night, and the next morning to ride with him to show him the way to Uxenden. Thomas complied; the next day they started at ten o'clock, and by noon arrived at Mr. Bellamy's house. Topcliffe was then with the Queen at Greenwich; but he had his horses ready laid for three weeks previously, and so rode off in hot haste, and came to Uxenden Hall by midnight, having full directions written by Anne Bellamy how to know the house, and where to find the secret place in which Southwell was sleeping. Richard Bellamy was at this time absent from home. The unhappy mother and family were totally ignorant of Anne's fall, and naturally inquired of Topcliffe how he had come by such precise information as to be able to march directly up to the hiding-place and secure its inmate. The veracious and truth-loving commissioner, unwilling to lose the opportunity of discrediting a Catholic ecclesiastic, told the daughters that the traitor was one Wingfield, a seminary priest, who sometimes came to the house in character of a schoolmaster, and who had been there that very day.*

For the nonce, Topcliffe was contented with the capture of Southwell, whom he carried off to London with the circumstances of public cruelty and insult that were customary in those barbarous times, leaving Mrs. Bellamy (who seems to have behaved with some weakness) and her family in peace for the present. As soon as he reached London, he pretended to be very angry with Anne Bellamy for having dared to make an appointment to meet a priest while she was under his care, and committed her to the Gatehouse for her misdemeanour, where she remained till St. James'-day, July 25, when, as she began to show signs of her disgraceful condition, under pretence of carrying her before the commissioners to be examined, he took her off to Greenwich, and there had her married to Nicholas Jones, servant to himself and to Pickering, the keeper of the Gatehouse. In the

* Richard Bellamy's answer to Topcliffe's exceptions. (Harleian Ms. 6998, fol. 22.)

mean time he wrote the following hypocritical letter to Mrs. Bellamy :

“ MISTRESS BELLAMY,—It may be that I did leave you in fear the other night for the cause that fell out in your house, better known to yourself than to any of us that were there. But because I myself found you carried a duty and reverence to the name of my sovereign Queen and yours, and showed the fruit of obedience you know wherein, I presumed to adventure to show you more favour than like offenders unto you have had shown in like cause, and your sons and your household for your sake. For I know her majesty's pleasure is, and so hath always been my disposition, to make a difference of offenders and offences, and between those that owe and perform duty to her majesty, and such as show malice unto her in word and deed. This day I have made her privy of your faithful doings, which traitorous papists will say is faithless ; your seeming to bear by this your doing a good heart, smite with a little scrupulousness her majesty is disposed to take better than you have deserved, and I trust will be your gracious lady at my humble suit, which you shall not want, without bribe, and with a good conscience of my part. And therefore take no care for yourself and for your husband, so as he come to me to say somewhat to him for his good. Your children are like to receive more favour, so as from henceforth they continue dutiful in heart and show. *And although your daughter Anne have again fallen in some folly, there is no time past but she may win favour.* And knowing so much of her majesty's mercy towards you, as I would wish you to deserve more and more, and no way to give cause to her majesty to cool her mercy ; and so I end. At my lodging in Westminster Churchyard, the 30th of June 1592.’* ”

After this Anne was taken down to Topcliffe's house in Lincolnshire, where she was delivered of a child about Christmas. It was only after this event that Richard Bellamy was told of his daughter's disgrace, and when, after two years' time, Topcliffe impudently demanded of him to settle a farm of 100 marks a year on Jones and his wife, Bellamy resisted, and Topcliffe thereupon had him arrested on charge of comforting and receiving priests, in spite of the promise of the Council that no harm should come to him. However, he does not seem to have acted in his own name in this affair, but to have used the ministry of Mr. Justice Young, to whom the warrant for Bellamy's apprehension is directed :

“ For Mr. Justice Yoinge.—That Mr. Justice Yoing, or sune other lyke comissionerr, do apprehend Richard Bellamy, of Oxenden, in the parryshe of Harrow-on-the-Hyll, and his wyffe, and ther

* Harleian Ms. 6998, fol. 21. No signature, but referred to as Topcliffe's in the last paragraph of the next document but one.

tow sonnes and ther tow doughters, in whose howse Father Sowthell, alias Mr. Cotton, was tayken by Mr. Toplay, a comyssyoner, and wher a nounder of other preests have beene recevyd and harberd as well when Sowthwell hathe bene ther, as when Mr. Barnes alias Stromdge als Hynd als Wingfild hathe beene ther a soiorner in Bellamy's howse.

And they to be comytted to severall prysons, Bellamy and his wyfe to the Gaythovse, and ther too doughters to ye Clynk, and ther tow soones to St. Katheryns, and to be examyned straytly for the weighty service of ye Queen's majesty."*

This was the demolition of all Bellamy's happiness in this world. He penned several petitions to the Council, in which he proves to demonstration the profligacy of Topcliffe; but all was to no purpose. His wife died in prison; he at last escaped, and died in poverty and exile in Belgium. The sons appear to have saved their ancestral estate by conformity; the two daughters remained in their religion and in prison. Topcliffe, foiled in getting a provision for his paramour from her ruined father's estate, suborned false witnesses to bring some of Bellamy's friends within the law, as may be seen in Robert Barnes' account, to which we have referred above. Besides the other miseries, two more lives were sacrificed in these proceedings for this wretched woman, who, in spite of her marriage to another man, continued for three years to live with Topcliffe. For her two more Catholics died by the slow martyrdom of imprisonment and chains. But we must give young Bellamy's own account of his sister's misconduct.

" 1. Petition of Mr. Bellamy (Anne's brother) to Lord Burleigh.

In tender consideration that all in the said petition is true, and for that your honourable letters cannot be got out of Mr. Topcliffe's hand, to cause a certificate of the petition, as also of their hard imprisonment of long time sustained, with the great charge of 3*l.* a week unto your said petitioner, and the great danger of this extreme hot weather unto close prisoners. In the most humble wise beseecheth your honour even for God's sake, even prostrate at your honour's feet, their speedy deliverance upon bonds or otherwise. If his brother Thomas be not able to prove, as he hath in the said petition set down, before any to whom it shall by your honours be committed to hearing, to be recommitted. For the which, I, my wife, and children, and kindred, shall for ever be bound to pray unto God for her Majesty's long and prosperous reign, with victory over her highness's enemies, and for the eternal felicity and happiness of your honour.

* State-Paper Office, undated, 1592.

2. Petition of Thomas Bellamy (the other brother).

A note of the proofs of the principal points contained in the petition of Thomas Bellamy to the Lords of the Council against Mr. Topcliffe, first to prove by pregnant conjectures that Anne Bellamy, by Mr. Topcliffe's privity, sent Southwell to Richard Bellamy's house.

That Southwell was sent by Anne Bellamy unto her father's house there is vehement conjecture, for she a little before being delivered out of the Gatehouse, and bound not to go above a mile from London, and therefore lying in Holbourne, she spake to her two sisters to send her word if one Cotton (which was Southwell, by Mr. Topcliffe's own notes), a fine gentleman, came to her father's house, and she would come to him notwithstanding her bond. The suspicion is, she without Mr. Topcliffe's encouragement (being then under his government), durst never adventure to break her bond, being 200*l.*, except she first had made her father privy, which she did not. Besides, Southwell being a stranger unto her, she could not have known him to be called by the name of Cotton without some information, neither know of Cotton's coming thither, of whose coming neither her father nor mother knew. And it appeareth more suspicious by that which followeth.

Mr. Topcliffe must have some means to know that Southwell was at Bellamy's house; Mr. Topcliffe apprehended him within twelve hours after his coming thither. If any of Bellamy's house had sent him word, so much time would almost have been spent in riding from Uxenden to Westminster, and in coming from Westminster to Uxenden; and Mr. Topcliffe came thither both speedily and with good instructions to find him out readily; for he had a note of every secret place of the house, which could not be done without her direction. Besides, that Anne Bellamy was privy to Southwell's sending, may be gathered for that she was committed by Mr. Topcliffe to the Gatehouse for it, as may be gathered by his letter dated 30th June. But within a while after, he took her out of the Gatehouse and sent her to his own house in the country, as shall be proved hereafter.

Further, Mr. Topcliffe told this petitioner that he loved not Anne Bellamy, for that she was the cause of Southwell's apprehension. And if she were the cause of his apprehension, and Mr. Topcliffe his apprehender, and Southwell so small a time at Uxenden, it is very probable they both knew of Southwell's going thither.

Now, whether Anne Bellamy at that time being got with child, and intended to be married to Jones, and for her lewdness and disparagement doubting that her father would give her no portion, sought by this means to entrap him in such sort, as that he needing her new friend's help should be driven to give her a good child's part, I will not affirm, but leave it to the censure of your honours. But this is certain, that when Southwell was taken, and two years after, Mr. Topcliffe stood a very good friend unto Richard Bellamy,

until he being desired by Mr. Topcliffe to let Jones have the manor of Preston to dwell in, refused it. Since which time he hath been an extreme enemy unto all the name of the Bellamy's, and kept his wife, his two daughters, and his uncle Page, in prison in the Gatehouse, almost to the utter undoing of the said Bellamy.

Proofs that Anne Bellamy, being the Queen's prisoner in the Gatehouse, was there got with child, and after carried to Mr. Topcliffe's house, and there delivered.

In his (Topcliffe's) letter, dated 16 August 1592, to Mr. Bellamy, he signifieth, that he meaneth from the Gatehouse to send his daughter Anne to his sister Brudnell's, and if his sister and she can agree, there to continue, or else to send her to his own house to Somerby. He confesseth that he hath undertaken to her majesty for her forthcoming, and that he will answer his behaviour towards her to her majesty, and that he will defend her from wrong against all creatures, he will not regard the speeches of venomous tongues more than stones cast against the wall. He writeth she shall continue there six or eight months to see how God will work with her.

By his letter dated 19 August 1592, sent to Mr. Bellamy, he sendeth for 5*l.* 18*s.* due to the keeper of the Gatehouse for her charge in prison. He sendeth for apparel for her, and showeth how it shall be conveyed to her in a trunk of his own to his sister Brudnell's, by which it appeareth she was there gone into the country.

By his letter, dated 6 September 1592, from Westminster, to Mrs. Bellamy, it appeareth manifestly that she was removed from his sister Brudnell's house by his appointment and her consent, to his own house at Somerby, where he proposeth to see her before the term, to see how she doth housewife it; he doubteth that her father and mother when he is gone down to her shall hear very vile rumours of matters that may offend them, and confesseth that in the Gatehouse already, where she was prisoner, malicious papists have shot their venomous arrows and stinking breath at him, and glanced at their daughter. But he saith he will answer his doing, and knoweth that she feareth God.

In his letter, dated 12 January 1593, written to Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy from his house at Somerby, he writeth that he understandeth by his friend, Nicholas Jones, that they are afraid of rumours touching their daughter's reputation. He confesseth that their daughter is, and hath been, at his house at Somerby ever since she departed from his sister Brudnell's. He very vehemently purgeth her from reports of slander, howsoever slanderous and venomous tongues rave and spit their poison; and that he will maintain her, because he took her into his protection not without warrant sufficient and upon a good ground, which may be supposed he meaneth. By her majesty, to whom, as appeareth by his letter, 16 August, he had undertaken for her forthcoming and good usage; which if it were so, he greatly abused her majesty. By a postscript he writeth, that if any papist Catholic say she is with child, hold

them knavish and false. And to confirm the truth of his letter he subscribeth it, 'Your plaine and known friend, Richard Topcliffe.' And by another postscript, to assure them that their daughter was there, he causeth her to write a few lines to her parents.

By his letter, dated 19 February 1593, he confesseth that she is at his house, and liveth not obscurely, and that she shall have the honest testimony of many of reputation for her behaviour, whatsoever venomous papists can say; and writeth that he would be glad to satisfy her parents concerning such bruits as have come to their ears touching her.

In a letter from Jones to Mrs. Bellamy, dated 21 December, he writeth that he museth such unseemly speeches should be used of Mrs. Anne Bellamy, not calling her his wife. And that for the time of his knowledge of her, he will stand to the defence of her honesty. He writeth that she now lyeth at Somerby at Mr. Topcliffe's house, and that Mr. Topcliffe at his coming to London will fully satisfy them of all such flying speeches as no man dare justify; the truth thereof is so manifest.

By a letter written from Anne Bellamy to her mother from Somerby, dated 12 March 1593, she adviseth her mother of her marriage, alleging many reasons thereof, and craveth pardon for it, confessing that it was done without her mother's leave, license, or knowledge. She confesseth herself to be delivered of child before her time, and that by the friendship of Mrs. Burrowe, a kinswoman of Mr. Topcliffe, her child and she were greatly preserved.

By the premises it plainly appeareth that Anne Bellamy, the queen's majesty's prisoner, was, during her imprisonment, gotten with child, by whom in certainty no man knoweth; for as for Jones, no man suspected him with her, until herself writ that she was married unto him. But all the rumours of suspicion of her lewd behaviour, both at the Gatehouse and at Somerby, were of rumours of unseemly dealing between Mr. Topcliffe and her, which he endeavoureth in all his letters to purge himself and her of, which hath been and is a most grievous corsey* to the hearts of her parents, who hoped that she should have been kept undefiled, being the queen's prisoner. And they greatly marvel, if Mr. Topcliffe were clear, why he conveyed her so carefully from the Gatehouse, being the queen's prisoner, first to his sister's, and then to his own house, and there kept her with great infamy, until she was delivered with child, her friends not knowing any such matter, and he so manifoldly defending her honesty and denying her to be with child, until she was delivered, and that it could be kept close no longer.

The petitioner, therefore, if upon these matters it shall seem good to your honours that Mr. Topcliffe be in fault, humbly craveth at your honours' hands that he may by justice be punished. The rather in respect that she being born a gentlewoman, of an ancient house, and the queen's prisoner, was by Mr. Topcliffe's means,

* A very old word, which means 'grievance.'

without the privity of her parents, married to Jones, a weaver's son, and base fellow, to her great disparagement, and the continual discomfort of her friends.

For her dutiful behaviour at the time of Southwell's apprehension towards her majesty, Topcliffe's letter, dated 30 June, doth declare.

Indorsed: The humble petition of Richard Bellamy.*

However reluctantly, we must now quit this family, to whom Mr. Turnbull has done but scant justice, and about whose identities he has made very unpardonable mistakes,—to resume our account of Southwell's treatment.

After taking him back in ludicrous procession to Westminster, Topcliffe carried him home, lodged him in his own strong chamber, secured him in irons, and essayed to examine him; but the confessor of Christ was too strong for the profligate persecutor. He would not even confess his name. Topcliffe thereupon sat down and wrote an account of the prize he had taken to the queen, begging leave to torture him privately before he was committed to prison. The permission was immediately granted, and the way in which it was acted upon is thus described by Father Tanner:

"Topcliffe took him to his own house, and there privately subjected him ten times to tortures so atrocious that at his trial he called God to witness that he would rather have endured so many deaths. The particulars were never accurately known, save that he was hung from the wall by his hands, with a sharp circle of iron round each wrist pressing on the artery, his legs bent backwards, and his heels tied to his thighs (so that he might get no rest from his toes touching the ground). But even thus Topcliffe could not make him answer a single question; so to enforce him the more, he on one occasion left him thus suspended while he went to the City on business. Southwell spent seven hours in this agony, and appeared to be dying. Topcliffe was sent for, and had him gently taken down, and sprinkled with some distilled waters, till he revived; when he vomited a large quantity of blood, and was immediately hung up again in the same position. For the Lords of the Council had permitted Topcliffe to torture Father Robert to any extent short of death."†

To confirm this *ex-parte* statement of Father Tanner the very autograph of Topcliffe has been providentially preserved, and may be seen among the Burghley papers in the British Museum.‡ We keep the orthography of the first part of this precious morsel, which, as is evident, confirms all the points of our narrative which it touches. "My boy Nicholas" is the

* Lansdowne Ms. 73, art. 47 (it should be Thomas).

† Soc. Jes. Mart. p. 35.

‡ Lansdowne Ms. 72, art. 39.

husband elect of Anne, and her "setting of Southwell into my hands" is described as his act. The "hand-gyves" are the circles of iron which caused such exquisite torture. "To stand against the wall, his feet upon the ground, and his hands but as high as he can reach against the wall," is a euphuistic mode of describing the atrocious butchery, fitted for the delicate nerves of the feminine queen.

"MOST GRACEOOS SOVEREIIYNE—

Having F. Robert Southwell (of my knowledge) ye Jhezuwt (Jesuit) in my stronge chamber in Westmr church yearde, I have mayde him assewred^d for startinge or hurtinge of hym self, By puttinge upon his armes a pr of hande gyews: & There & so can keepe hym eather from vewe or conference wth any, But Nicolas ye Underkeeper of ye Gaythowse & my Boye. Nicolas beinge the man yt caused me to tayke hym by settinge of hym into my hands ten myles from him.

I have presewmed (after my lytell Sleepe) To runne ovr this Examination incloased, faythefully tayken, & of him fowlye & suspiciously answered, and sumwhat knowinge the natewre & doinges of the man, may it please your majesty to see my simple opynyon. Constreigned in dewty to utter it.

Upon this present taykinge of hym, It is good foorthewth to inforce him to answer trewyle & dyrectly, & so to proove his answers trewe in hast, To the Ende, yt suche as bee deeply conserved in his treacheries have not tyme to start or make shyfte.

To use any meanes in comon presons eather to stande upon or against the wawle (whiche above all thinges Exceeds & hurteth not) will gyve warninge. But if your highness's pleasor bee to knowe any thinge in his hartte, To stande ageinst the wawle, his feett standinge upon the grownde, & his hands But as highe as he can reatche ageinst ye wawle, lyke a Tryck at Trenshemeare, will inforce hym to tell all, & the trewth proved by ye Seqvelle.

The answer of him to ye Qvestyon of ye Countesse of Arrundell, & That of father Parsons, discipherethe him. It may please your majesty to Consyder that I did never tayke so weightye a man: if he bee rightly used. Yoinge Anto Copleye the most desperate youth that liveth & some others be most familiar with Southwell.

Copley did shoot at a gentleman the last summer and killed an ox with a musket, and in Horsham Church threw his dagger at the Parish Clerk, and stuck it in a seat in the Church. There liveth not the like I think in England for sudden attempts: nor one upon whom I have good grounds for watchful eyes for his sister Gaige's and his brother-in-law Gaige's sake, of whose pardons he boasteth he is assured.

So humbly submitting myself to your majesty's direction in this, or in any service with any hazard, I cease, until I hear your pleasure

here at Westminster with my charge and ghostly father this Monday the 26 of June 1592.

Your majesty's faythefull Servant,
RIC. TOPCLYFFE.

Indorsed

Mr. Topclyffe to her majesty,
With the examination of a priest that will not confess his name."*

This letter is a capital comment on the mendacious apology for the torturing of Campian, Briant, and the rest, put forth by the government nine years previously; one of the assertions of which is, "that the proceeding to torture was always so *slowly*, so *unwillingly*, and with so many preparations of persuasions to spare themselves, and so many means to let them know that the truth was by them to be uttered, both in duty to her majesty and in wisdom to themselves, as whosoever was present at those actions must needs acknowledge in her majesty's ministers a full purpose to follow the example of her own gracious disposition."

Among other questions which the confessor was thus vainly urged to answer, was one about "the colour of a horse whereon he rode one day," to which he refused to reply lest he might give a handle to conjecture in what house or in what company he then was. This question seems to have reference to a certain confession of Mr. Britten, a servant to the Earl of Northumberland, who appears by a document in the State-Paper Office to have furnished a white gelding to a suspected priest named Cotton in December 1583. Cotton and Cooper were both aliases of Father Southwell; but as he did not come into England till 1586, his adversaries were clearly on the wrong scent. They evidently suspected that he had some treasonable connections in Sussex.

Sir Robert Cecil, who was Southwell's rackmaster, is said to have expressed the highest admiration for his more than Roman fortitude. Topcliffe's new style of torturing was, he said, much more painful than the rack; yet Father Robert bore it with a firm and even cheerful mind, and would confess nothing except that he was a priest and Jesuit, and had come over to win souls to Christ. Topcliffe, he said, tortured him so cruelly, that he was never allowed to rest except when he seemed to be dying. Then they would take him down, and bring him to by burning paper under his nose. He would then vomit a quantity of blood, after which he was hung up again. All this time he was so patient, and the expression of his countenance was so sweet, that even the

* Lansdowne Ms. 72, art. 33.

servant who watched him began to look upon him as a saint. His only exclamations were: "My God and my all!" "God gave Himself to thee, give thyself to God! *Deus tibi Se, tu te Deo!*"

Four days of this brutality had reduced Father Southwell's vitality to so low an ebb, that Cecil and the other Lords of the Council determined to take him out of Topcliffe's hands: they therefore committed him to the Gatehouse on the 30th of June. But as all his money had been taken away at his arrest, he was put among the pauper prisoners; where for a whole month he was neglected, and left in hunger and thirst, in cold and filth, so that when his father came to see him he was found covered with dirt, swarming with vermin, with maggots crawling in his sores, his face bleared and like that of a corpse, and his bones almost protruding through his skin. On this his father presented a petition to the queen, demanding that his son might be either executed or treated as a gentleman. The queen herself was moved to compassion, and ordered that he should be removed to the Tower, where he remained nearly three years at his father's expense.

The memorandum of his committal to the Gatehouse appears among the accounts of the Lieutenants of the Tower and keepers of the other prisons, extant among the Records at Rolls House, Chancery Lane. The following is a copy of it:

Charges of — Pickering, keeper of Gatehouse, for prisoners, Sept. 1592: "Robert Southwell, a seminary priest, sent in by your lordships, oweth for his diet and lodging from the last of June to the 30th July '92, being four weeks and two days; and removed to the Tower by your honours."

Time has obliterated what honest Pickering charged for starvation, under the name of diet for a month. Southwell's name does not appear in the accounts of the Lieutenant of the Tower, for these bills only refer to those state-prisoners for whom the government paid. In Elizabeth's days prisons were self-supporting institutions, where all but a few of the prisoners paid for themselves; and choice places, where the governor became a rich man in a few years. Southwell, being in the Tower at his father's expense, does not appear on the bills sent in to the privy-council. But we must break off here for the present, to resume our account of his imprisonment, trial, and martyrdom, as soon as possible.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE COAST OF ALBANIA.

Corfu, Nov. 24, 1856.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I will yield to your importunity that which I should never have offered of my own accord, and will try to put you in possession of the very slight amount of information that I gathered on the coast of Albania, though I fear that you will scarcely be able to make it available for your pages. Unfortunately, I saw but little of the country: for six weeks after my arrival, in spite of every effort to believe myself well, I was unable to leave the ship, and seldom even able to converse with the visitors, from whom I might have learned much concerning the province. The remaining three weeks of my stay were so prolific of magnificent thunderstorms, reverberating among those old mountains, with lightning so continuous that the sky seemed a flickering cupola of flame, and (in the intervening days) of waterspouts, three of which on one occasion made their appearance together, like unstable columns supporting the toppling sky, that our opportunities of going on shore occurred but seldom; and sometimes all communication with the land was cut off. Still we did not leave the country without having seen it. More than once we went up that kingly river the Bojana, deep and wide enough to float a fleet of heavy ships, but with an unfortunate bar at its entrance that effectually prevents any vessel of deep burden from entering its inland waters. I will not stay to describe the luxuriant vegetation on its banks, scarcely ever broken through by the inhabitants, except here and there, where at rare intervals a small landing-place may be seen, with a few miserable hovels among the trees: these are the villages. One day we turned the boat's head up a narrower stream called the Drino, and landed on a little cleared space which appeared to be a sort of ferry, where we had our dinner under a spreading tree. Our meal was unluckily concluded when four tall wild-looking Albanians broke through the underwood behind us, two mounted, two on foot, all armed to the teeth, and accompanied by the most savage of dogs. They soon got over their first surprise, and sat down near us to smoke their long pipes. We had only water-melon and biscuit to offer them; and as they could not understand a word of Italian, and we had no dragoman that day in our company, we could only converse by signs. I soon elicited the fact that they were Christians by making the sign of the cross, which they all answered readily; and we were on friendly terms at once. Our captain proposed firing

at a mark, and an empty bottle was placed in a bush. It was surprising to see how often their handsome well-kept weapons missed fire: each man had a musket about six feet long, nearly as tall as himself. Each man's belt was stuck full of pistols; and one or two of them had a yataghan by his side. Their delight and wonder at the revolver-practice was boundless. The captain, in his long inland walks, often had similar shooting-matches, which he found an excellent introduction to the good opinions of the people. It soon became pretty well understood on the coast, among the Christians, that the English men-of-war that were hovering near them, with the heavy guns which they could often hear at hours of practice, were their especial friends. Our dear allies the Turks were proportionably discontented at the display of power, though its ostensible purpose was to support the Sultan's government, and to enable the pashas to publish the hattî-humayoun which conferred equal rights on Christian and Turkish subjects. Albania, however, so far from the seat of empire, is the refuge and asylum of the old fanaticism of the Mussulman; whose bigotry is so firmly rooted there, that as yet it has not been possible to publish the decree.

Every part of the country along the sea-coast is most beautiful; the mountains are noble, the plains at their base exuberant in fertility. The land seems as if it were only prevented by the most iron oppression from pouring its riches into the laps of its inhabitants. This painful impression acquires fresh force as each new vista or smiling valley opens upon you in the sunshine. What a glorious country it might become, if it had only the commonest fair-play! It has been forgotten by the rest of Europe. The customs of the people and their household fittings are those of the epoch of Hesiod. The fishermen's nets are of the old pattern and size; the stools, the cooking-utensils to be seen in their huts, are the same as those described by Homer. The farming-tools and furniture are of the most primeval description. Their bullock-yokes, ploughs, and reaping-hooks, have never been changed from the original model. Their breeds of cattle have only degenerated from the wild stock; I do not know whether their horses, cows, sheep, or pigs, are the worst. The goats appear the least objectionable; but the poultry is execrable. Their crops are chiefly Indian corn and potatoes. In their village-gardens they cultivate cabbages, onions, and the usual household vegetables, with water-melons, and another small round species, which is as delicious as it is abundant. In the winter the game literally swarms; the rivers offer a perfect massacre of wild-ducks; and the sports-

man is spared his stealthy and cold night-watch. The earth yields its wild-grapes, figs, peaches, pomegranates, quinces, and crab-apples. Boon Nature has done her part generously, and needs but little coaxing to help her to bring all her gifts to perfection. But every effort at improvement, which should so rapidly bring wealth and comfort, is only a signal for spoliation and extortion, against which there is no appeal, and for which there is no compensation. If the head of a village, by careful concealment, manages to acquire a little fortune, he is quite unable to enjoy its fruit, beyond the handsome dress he may purchase for holiday attire, and the firearms in which the whole nation takes such delight. Any further display would endanger all the man's possessions. Hence, though the people are poor—poorly housed and poorly fed—they are not destitute of the necessaries of life. But they are forcibly debarred from all progress and improvement. The Turks have never allowed them to have schools, so of course they cannot read or write.

But both people and country seem to be the most eligible raw-material of civilisation. Those grand old mountains, those kingly rivers, those fertile plains, all so expansive and so enduring, make up just the country that should, and that did once, give birth to a race of heroes. The inhabitants have always been remarkable for their bravery; often for their ferocity also. Albania is the ancient Illyria, and part of Epirus; and there is a wonderful quantity of very ancient history lingering about some of its old towns, now all in ruins. One can quite fancy such men as one saw there forming the Macedonian phalanx, and peopling the armies of Alexander and of Pyrrhus. We must often have sailed over the same boisterous waters (probably between Durazzo and Brindisi) where the poor fisherman carried over "Cæsar and his fortunes" in his little bark. The men are, I suppose, as unchanged as the waves which wash their coasts. They are a tall, well-built, spare, muscular race, with the warrior nose, lengthened sufficiently to denote perseverance in pursuing their conquests, or other undertakings for which they have suitable leaders. (I must tell you that I have become learned in noses, having read a treatise thereupon in Malta.) They (the men, not the noses) have a wild picturesque dress of scarlet and white, which they can render very rich and costly; and they are always armed and prepared to do deadly battle;—even the labourer in the field has his loaded musket lying by him. In spite of the retrogression and bondage of more than four hundred years of Ottoman tyranny, this stalwart race still cherishes a strangely-surviving hope of the regeneration of

their country. A tradition and an expectation of better things still exists amongst them; and surely it must one day bear its fruit. They have an ardent love of their beautiful land; and I believe they have, like all nations with similar warlike tendencies, a ballad poetry which perpetuates a spirit of heroism amongst them.

The Christians and Turks in Albania are collected into groups occupying different districts. On the Austrian frontier the population belongs to the Greek Church. In a very few miles the Catholics, or United Greeks, commence. At Antivari the Turks begin; and there is not a Christian inland between that town and Scutari, about twenty miles. In the other districts there is an equally marked separation. Among the mountain-tribes only Christianity is to be found; some belonging to the Greek sect, others to the Catholic Church. Great antipathy at all times prevails between these separated branches; the Catholics disliking and dreading the Greek Christians more than the Turks. I scarcely wonder at it; for here at Corfu the Greek intolerance is something intolerable: they got up such disturbances at our keeping our Church-festivals according to the new style, that they actually killed one man in the tumult, and several were seriously injured; the Pope, to prevent a recurrence of such a scandal, ordered the feasts to be kept according to the old style; and so we had All Saints and All Souls November 13 and 14: and, what is worse, we shall have Christmas-day January 7th. But the English keep up the Christmas festivities as we do in Western Europe; for the Greeks tolerate the Protestants perfectly, and Greek servants join readily in Protestant family prayers; which the Italian Catholics will never do. But to return to the Albanians. I could obtain no account whatever of the actual number of the Catholics. The whole Christian population is sunk in great poverty, but does not want the absolute necessities of life. Under a settled government, and with fair and just laws, it would soon assume a high place. Under Turkish rule the Christians have been careful to grow only what is necessary for themselves, and not to have any superfluity which might attract the cupidity of their rulers. Their houses are miserable; one partition containing the cattle, the next the household. Even in the best houses the cattle are locked up at night in the lower story, a crazy ladder leading to the rooms inhabited by the family. Cakes of Indian corn and sour cheese are the staple of their diet; varied in summer and autumn by the plentiful wild-fruits of the country. Each family has its little flock of cattle, goats, or sheep, with one or two pigs. These are

always tended by the women, who begin this duty from a very tender age, and who also assist in the labours of the field; husband and wife cultivating their little patch together. The women always carry their distaffs, and occupy every leisure moment with spinning. I imagine that they make all the materials for their clothing, except those for the gala dresses, which are only to be procured in the towns, and which consist of red, blue, or violet cloth jackets, embroidered with gold, red silk sashes wound several times round the waist, and embroidered leggings or gaiters, together with a shirt, kilt, or petticoat of inexplicable width, which is always of white linen or calico. The women seldom possess these holiday suits; the men being far more anxious to adorn their own persons than those of their wives. The morality of the rural Christian population is said to be very high; about the towns we could not learn. "*Le donne di questa paese sono di un onore estremo*" was the verdict of our interpreter during one of our long walks through the country villages. They marry early; but rear few children, for they die in great numbers in infancy. Thus the population seems very thin and scattered. The women are certainly very industrious; and more modest and retiring they could not possibly be—as all our officers agreed. They are always at work, and seem to do the principal part of the field-labour. From the end of September to the middle of October numbers of them are to be seen gathering in the Indian corn, loading their mules and asses, and frequently carrying large loads upon their heads. If there are any men, they carry nothing but their arms, without which they never stir abroad. In Upper Albania, about Scutari and Antivari, robbery is very rare; and all the numerous violent deaths are to be traced to feuds and quarrels. I remember, when we were off the Bojana, our captain went up to Scutari, and heard that on the previous day a woman had shot a man in the bazaar with a pistol as a *vendetta*, for the death of her brother *ten years* before. She had waited and watched for her opportunity all this time. I believe she was a Greek; she was imprisoned, but would probably be liberated after a short confinement. In Lower Albania brigandage prevails; and the coast population, Christian and Turkish, is only restrained from piracy by fear of the consequences. Still further to the south, in Thessaly, there are horrible banditti tribes, who exact a tribute from the villages, and visit those who do not pay it with terrible calamities. Only a fortnight ago a village was destroyed, and twenty-two individuals murdered, with circumstances of atrocious cruelty.

After the downfall of the Eastern empire, the Venetians seem to have established themselves in many parts of Albania, and many of the ruins of their solid buildings and fortifications still remain. Since the conquest of the Turks, the towns and fortresses have gone to decay; the latter, even if perfect, would be useless for modern warfare. The ancient churches have been converted into mosques, or are crumbling to ruin under a rule which has hitherto permitted no outward proof to remain of the existence of a religion different from its own. They were generally built on hills, overlooking the villages, and surrounded by large and lofty trees. The Christian traveller, as he wanders through the country, is frequently reminded of the rude shock which his religion has received, by the mouldering ruins which look down upon him mournfully in their desolation. At present the only stay and support of the Catholic Church in Albania comes from Austria, the archbishops, bishops, and priests, being paid by that government; while the Propaganda of Rome and the Lyons society furnish some of the missionary friars, of whom there are about twenty-five, all pensioned by the Austrians. The secular clergy depend upon their parishioners, who pay them some trifling fees for baptisms, marriages, &c., and who put aside for them a portion of their produce,—so many bags of grain, and a certain part of every bullock, or other animal that they kill. The hierarchy consists of three archbishops and four bishops. The Church is, of course, very poor. The metropolitan see is Antivari. The Catholics commence there on the coast, and continue as far as Durazzo, which is another archbishop's see. From Durazzo, through Lower Albania, the Greek Church prevails. Formerly the clergy had to go to other countries to be educated, chiefly to Italy and Austria; but now there is a college at Scutari, where they study and are ordained. Some few are educated intelligent men; but most of them, as is natural, having sprung from the people, and had scanty opportunity of intellectual cultivation, are but little raised above their flocks in mental attainments. They have no schools in the country parts; they never collect the children for catechism; they never preach even on Sundays; they say Mass on Sundays and holidays, and occasionally hold stations. One can scarcely imagine a more solitary and dreary (because unoccupied) life than that of the Catholic priest in Albania at the present time. The effect of the constant apprehension of persecution, if not actual persecution, in which they have so long lived, has been to paralyse their energy, and to render them incapable of making

an effort to improve the spiritual condition of their flocks. The churches in the country parts are in a wretched state, in fact mere sheds, with nothing to distinguish them from cow-houses; and the priests are often obliged to say Mass in the open air, on a rude stone altar, under the shade of a large tree. It was so at the Bojana, where in winter the holy sacrifice is offered in a miserable room in the priest's house, incapable of holding above twenty persons. Not that this was surprising, after so many ages of persecution; besides, the venerable old stone and the branching tree were quite as capable of raising the thoughts as many a pretentious piece of architecture; but the deplorable part was the entire absence of zeal and power to gather together the scattered flock, and to rear the young ones in true religion. The wonder is that there are any Catholics at all. In Ireland formerly there may have been equal oppression and equal poverty, but the priests attended to their people, and, as they might, provided for their instruction; and, in return, the people were attached to them as their fathers and only real friends, receiving from them a spirit of religion which they transmitted to their children, and which was proof against every attack. I did not discover this spirit in Albania. In the upper province, however, there are now three schools, two at Scutari and one at Presvarende (which is also an archbishop's see). All the masters are Austrians, paid by that government. One of the Jesuit fathers attempted to build a seminary lately at Scutari for the education of priests, with funds supplied by Austria; but the Turks destroyed it, in spite of the efforts of the pasha and consuls. The only Catholic Church in the country parts that we met with was at the village of Bersa, five miles from Antivari,—a low narrow building, without any light save that admitted by loopholes in the walls, but beautifully situated on the side of the valley opposite the village, concealed by huge trees, and overlooking a bubbling stream that tumbles over the stony bottom of the valley. The priest had recently been appointed as a *locum tenens*; he had been educated at Loretto in Italy. The parish priest was unfit to do duty.

The Austrians, doubtless, are doing a great deal of good to the poor Catholics in Upper Albania; but they are supposed, of course, to be playing a political game, and to have an eye to this fine province, whenever the next convulsion shall offer it to their grasp. I wish them success; but politicians deprecate such an accession of valuable territory to Austria. Surely it would be infinitely better for these fine people to be brought within the fostering care of the Church,

even with the stern rule of Austria, than to be given over to the tender mercies of either Russia, Greece, or Turkey.

The towns are chiefly inhabited by the Turks; they are dirty and wretched; but the inhabitants, especially on a holiday, have a general appearance of being well-to-do, and are very well dressed, and there are scarcely any beggars. But the population is decidedly thin, and is said to have decreased wonderfully of late. There is one great drawback to commerce: in all Upper Albania there is not a single good harbour capable of sheltering vessels of any size; and the Ionian and Adriatic, like most narrow seas, are very boisterous.

Now I think I have communicated to you all I know of this very interesting province; but I cannot communicate the enthusiasm which the sight of such a country and such a people awakens:—I speak only of Upper Albania; the lower province is in a much more barbarous condition. The people become more brutal and cruel as they approach the neighbourhood of the Greek populations, whose name has become ignominious for bad faith and every kind of treachery.

CRITICS AND THE FINE ARTS.

It is not *de rigueur* that a good man should be able to draw a straight line. Many a sound geometrician, and worthy father of a family, is unable to connect two points by any thing save a *circumbendibus*, unless he appeals for aid to a ruler; and even then the chances are that he blurs the line and inks his fingers before he has finished. Dear Mrs. Mullins has brought up a bevy of virtuous daughters, with credit to herself and advantage to the world of bachelors, although she learned oriental tinting in her girlhood, and still thinks it sweetly pretty; two painful screens of her designing ornament the front parlour to this day. Mullins himself is not a bad kind of man; yet he has had "Sherry, sir!" framed elaborately, and considers that most vile production a marvel of art. We must not altogether cast aside and condemn Jones, because he prefers "Cherry ripe" to "Crudel perche," and "British Grenadiers" to Beethoven; nor imagine that Brown must necessarily become a ticket-of-leave, because that most misguided individual has painted his front-door apple-green picked out with black, ruddled his flower-pots, put rows of white flints instead of box-edgings to his gravel-walks, and capped his infamy by perpetrating an eighteen-

inch fountain, which squirts a tiny thread of liquid in every direction but the one in which it is desired to go, continual pokings with a knitting-needle notwithstanding. In a word, our friend the geometrician cannot use his fingers; Mrs. Mullins's artistic flame is a refractory rushlight; Mullins is by no means Dr. Waagen; Jones as earless as Prynne after the pillory; and Brown does not inherit one atom of the genius of his namesake, "Capability." Yet all these good people may lead virtuous lives, and in due time die pious deaths.

We feel bound to place this protest on the very threshold as it were of any critical edifice we may endeavour to raise, now or hereafter, in the pages of the *Rambler*, seeing how heartily we dislike and disapprove the tone and style which so many of our public journals and periodicals (to say nothing of books devoted to the subject) adopt in treating matters appertaining to what are called the Fine Arts. For it seems absolutely demanded now-a-days that common sense should be cashiered; and a wild, metaphysical, metaphorical, dreamy, opium-eating-like excitement take its place. Installed in a temple, Art is worshipped with most verbose litanies; while her self-ordained priests cut mental antics more surprising than the capers of the mad knight-errant which so shocked Sancho Panza in the Sierra Morena. Blue, we take it, is blue; and yellow, yellow and nothing else; and blue and yellow make green; but we are talked to about the "holiness" of colour, and instructed to approach paint with reverence. We are familiar with the beard and wide-awake of little Sandie Macguilp; we have even drunk Messrs. Barclay's renowned beverage in company with that North British genius of the brush; yet we are lectured about the artist's inner life, and given to understand that Sandie lives in some sphere (not marked in the celestial globe) where the artist-nature breathes an ether more congenial to its unearthly requirements, but which, judging by certain cartoons of the spasmodic school, must be occasionally sulphuric. [N.B. We beg to mention that Sandie's body dwells in a third-floor in Greek-street, Soho, wherever his artist-soul may be; and that the said body will be happy to accept commissions from any of the nobility or gentry who may favour it with a call. Discount allowed for cash payments.] Music fares no better than painting. The critic cannot discourse quietly and sensibly from his easy-chair; that would ill become the ardent prophet, whose privilege it is to indoctrinate the outer world with the eternal principles of the Beautiful and the True. No; it must be done on stilts, and in satin and spangles, amid a thousand artificial flowers of rhetorical display, or it

is nothing worth. The only mode to fix the attention of the grovelling crowd, is to preach while pirouetting on one leg; to attain the sublime by a copious use of the ridiculous. The old lady in the nursery-tale could not climb the tree to get at the bird's-nest containing three young rabbits, so she *tumbled* up; a mode of progression much practised by the critical fraternity in the discovery of equine breeding-places, and with such result as befell the epicene hero of the tale in question; for truly do they break their shins against a bag of moonshine of their own manufacture.

The root of all this folly is, the mischievous error of mistaking means for end,—an error sometimes wilful, sometimes unintentional, but continually committed by those who talk and write with a headlong or strained enthusiasm. Life is short, but Art is long, says the copy; and a definite existence and a pedestal in the modern Pantheon are given her. As virtue is “its own reward,” so the recompense of those who cultivate the worship of Art is neither more nor less than Art herself. She is to be served, lived for, died for, with unswerving faith and trust, amid poverty, sickness, hunger, and the contempt of a sordid world. She is the one exponent of all that is lovely and true in the relations of the human mind to the external and material. If all men would but listen to her voice, a golden age would once more fill the earth with innocence and peace. Fine words! but the proper answer to them is Mr. Burchell's expressive response to the flowery conversation of Dr. Goldsmith's tinsel ladies, “Fudge!” Mullins might grasp all painters, from Cimabue to Millais, and yet beat his wife; Brown might enter into the length and breadth and depth of the choral symphony, and yet be picked out of a gutter by a policeman. Three centuries before Christ, the Greek sculptors so perfectly understood and appreciated the beauty, grace, and dignity of the human form, had so mastered its every line and contour in action and repose, that under their skilful blows the marble yielded statues of almost supernatural loveliness, and this with easy labour and in profusion. Yet the boast of Praxiteles was, that he substituted a glowing naked Venus for the draped harlot, whose less perfect but more decent image previously satisfied the host of worshippers. When three centuries had passed away, when the Son of God stood sentenced at Jerusalem before the Roman governor, imperial Rome was filled with the triumphs of the architect, the sculptor, and the painter: a very city of temples, theatres, and palaces; alive with deities, nymphs, and heroes of marble, bronze, and ivory; its walls brilliant with gold, gay with the delicate fantasies of the cunning decorator;

its floors a network of intricate yet most harmonious mosaic. And the people? tyrants and slaves; proud, sanguinary, hard, cruel, sensual; their business pleasure; their crowning sport the hellish gladiatorial shows, in amphitheatres deluged with rivers of blood, where oftentimes the mangled tortured victim appealed in vain for mercy to a steaming crowd, whose eyes gloated with infernal satisfaction on the death-throes of the innocent wretch "butchered to make a Roman holiday." As far as Art is concerned, the nineteenth century differs in no respect from all that have gone before; good taste and goodness are no more convertible terms now than they were in the days of Pericles or Tiberius. A dozen Great Exhibitions, a hundred Bernal or Soulage collections, will no more affect our criminal statistics than as many poultry-shows, or displays of fat animals by the Smithfield Club. Some years ago, Lord John Manners and his following of white waistcoats,—a school, unluckily for our amusement, stifled in its puny babyhood by a surfeit of pap,—submitted to the world a scheme for the regeneration of the bucolic population by means of maypoles and the noble game of cricket. A course of Fine Arts, *pure and simple*, will have about as much effect in amending the lives and morals of the million as my lord's panacea for agriculturists. The better artist the better man, is a transparent fallacy which needs no confutation.

What then? We have protested that Mullins and his wife, that Jones and Brown, may all die good Christians, although plunged in an abyss of ignorance as to paint, mired in a slough of bad taste as regards sweet sounds. But have we in any shape alleged that they are the more likely so to die because of these their ignorance and bad taste? Emphatically, no! We have affirmed that Art is no true end of man's existence, and that for critics so to treat it is a foolish and mischievous error. But have we for a single moment denied that Art has an office, and a high one, of its own? Assuredly not. Like all other matters in themselves of pure indifference, which furnish the raw materials, so to speak, to be woven by man into the many-coloured tissue of his life, Art may be used or abused; it may add grace and beauty to the fabric, it may defile as a spot and a stain, or it may be altogether and entirely omitted. Like all mere human learning, philosophy and science, mechanical arts and the rest, it is but one of many means to an end. Art is good to the individual, when used *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, and no further or otherwise. Do not let us, however, be mistaken. We are not guilty of the absurdity of saying, that because Pagan, therefore Greek and Roman art were not in their way per-

fection, and, in a certain sense, to the glory of God; but simply this, that Art must be so *used* as to fit with ease and propriety into the life of a Christian man, whose end is not a picture or a song, but to save his soul. It is impossible to deny the fact, that art-idolatry exists at the present day, that it pervades the writings of some of the ablest critics, and finds its way freely into the lecture-hall; and as readers and listeners are many, we shall have done some good if we draw the attention of a few to a heathen practice, which has not the heathen excuse. It is not always that an audience can have the security of listening to an accomplished prelate of the Catholic Church, whose extensive range of acquirement places him in the foremost rank of popular speakers on the subject.

Art being, then, no legitimate end of our existence, what can it do for us as a means, and how is it to be used? In the first place, as a portion of the higher course of education, which includes what is called polite learning, it assists in forming that refinement of mind, that courtesy and delicacy of manner, that carefulness in avoiding the giving of needless offence to the feelings or even prejudices of others, that absence of vulgar self-assertion, which is implied and understood by the one word 'gentleman.' And this alone is no small matter; for at no period of our civilisation has an open gentlemanly bearing been more essential to the pleasantness of social intercourse, or to the success of those who aim at influencing others, especially such as hold a lower worldly station than their own. In the next place, it supplies the language by which the artist-proper expresses visibly or audibly to himself and the world the creations of his imagination, the results of his powers of observation and combination, and the degree of his technical skill. To him it is the *business* of life; just as the speculation of the merchant, the labours of the author, the tillage of the farmer, or the craft of the mechanic. We may be told that this is a low view; but it is a correct one, for all that. It is enough to know that the artist's business is a praiseworthy and proper one. In addition, Art affords material for the industry of thousands and tens of thousands who find their daily bread in the production of the endless articles which belong to the wants and luxuries of a highly-organised and artificial state of society. The mere necessary requirements of a dense population—food, clothing, and shelter—do not find nearly sufficient work for the multitudes, who cannot live in idleness without a revolution in the constitution of society itself.

Again,—we can only glance at a few of the many offices of Art,—it affords beyond dispute the most admirable and in-

exhaustible storehouse on which to draw for that healthy and innocent relaxation and amusement which is as needful to the toiler in the weary struggle of life as sleep itself. Most happily for us, a popular reaction is taking place; and the hours of labour, after having been lengthened beyond endurance, are being curtailed to a somewhat reasonable limit. Master and man alike are reaping the benefit. It is a tempting subject to enlarge upon; for the memory of a Catholic cannot but revert to social history, with a smile at the failure of a system which inflicts three hundred and odd days of dreary work, and fifty-two of dreary vacuity, as the Christian year. But let it pass; a better mind, no matter how originating, has sprung up, and we ought to make the most of it. We repeat that, for all classes engaged in business, law, commerce, manufactures, and what not, Art supplies beyond compare the most ample fund of innocent and healthy recreation. The pursuit of science, to say nothing of natural gifts, requires time and study such as no otherwise busy man can spare. The mere trashy, superficial, undigested notions that usurp the place of science are worthless in themselves, and prejudicial to the amateur philosopher, than whom no one for the most part can be more vapid, conceited, and inflated; a very india-rubber ball, wanting but a single slight prick from an acute questioner to collapse into a shapeless nothing. With Art it is different. All have eyes to see and ears to hear, and all (the exception proves the rule) have at least a scintilla of taste, which by careful fanning may perhaps be cultivated into a respectable glow, if not into a blazing flame. Let it be remembered that between Raffaele Sanzio and the boy who is spoiling paper and pencil at our elbow there is but a step, though it may be one such as only Chamisso's shadowless man could compass. It is a question not of kind, but of degree. That the many may be brought to a hearty appreciation of what is excellent, there is no lack of facts to demonstrate; as witness the crowds of all ranks who flock to gaze on the noble works of our greatest painter; the mob of eager listeners at the performances of our magnificent choral societies, where the appeal is to no false taste, but solely to the intelligence which can understand and enjoy the highest and best in Art.

We conclude by giving some idea of the true duties of a popular critic; on which point, as we have before observed, we cannot agree with all our critical brethren. We think his object should obviously be to guide popular taste aright in all those matters in which, for want of careful cultivation and technical knowledge, it is apt to be warped and strained by

sudden impulse, to mistake tinsel for true metal, impudence for energy and courage, folly for simplicity, crude complexity for deep learning, and so forth. To accomplish this task, he must be eyes and ears for those who are without them; he must see and listen with intelligence, praise and condemn with boldness and sincerity, and give his reasons for both with the utmost plainness that a conscientious accuracy will permit. As a general rule, no great artist, whether painter or musician, makes a good critic for the people. His attention is too much occupied by theories and the mechanism of his art;—he thinks in a groove. On the other hand, no man is fit to decide for others unless he has a sufficiently practical knowledge of technicalities to understand and appreciate the means by which the works he criticises have been produced. But as much as possible these technical details should be kept to himself. The less he talks about mahlsticks, chiara-oscuro, and tonings down, the better it will answer his purpose; he can say all that is right and proper about a sonata, a symphony, or even an oratorio, without one single diminished seventh or superfluous octave embarrassing his pen, or driving his readers into despair. We do not under-estimate the deep, thoughtful, and suggestive labours of many well-known critical writers; but these, though most valuable and necessary to the student, are nevertheless caviare to the million. It is with the latter that the popular critic has to deal; and he will treat them but scurvily if he makes what should be but a simple lesson for their guidance an ill-timed occasion for the display of his own recondite attainments. Finally, let him guard strictly against that most abominable custom of importing religious forms and phrases into his critical strictures which defaces the disquisitions of more than one distinguished modern author. Art enjoys the privilege of serving Religion; but it is a scandalous abuse to pretend to force Religion into the service of Art.

MEMORIALS OF THE PENAL LAWS.

IN undertaking to lay before Catholics a selection of the multitudinous documents connected with the forcible suppression of our religion in this country (which are preserved in the various public libraries of this kingdom), we are setting ourselves a task, the interest and utility of which is, we

flatter ourselves, too plain to need many words from us. At a time when each district of the kingdom has its own antiquarian society, when every tombstone has its readers, every brass its rubbers, every coat-of-arms its amateur herald, every old story its chronicler; when museums greedily buy up old bills, old newspapers, old deeds, old any thing, out of which a tittle of evidence can be collected about such interesting facts as what was the price of coals in the time of Elizabeth, what was the rent of "a certain close or paddock called Long Acre," in which some alderman perhaps of the time of Charles II. kept the two kine which supplied his suburban residence with milk; what cosmetics our great-grandmothers chiefly affected, who were the doctors they employed, and how much they paid the barbers who erected the many-storied towers of their voluminous head-dresses;—when such questions as these occupy the whole mind and attention of hundreds of inquirers, and entertain for some minutes the eyes, if not the minds, of thousands of readers, it is surely not too much to expect that the records of the sufferings of our ancestors in the faith should meet with a corresponding attention from Catholics; for, after all, how different is the worth of the scraps of information enumerated above and of that which we propose to publish! Those little fussy bits of antiquarianism all end in themselves; neither material nor moral science is advanced a single inch by a million of them. They are curious, and that is all that can be said for them; they may sometimes serve to point the moral of an article in the *Times*, when that journal wishes to compare our present light with the benighted ignorance of our forefathers,—but beyond this they are good for no earthly purpose, except to enrich the publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or the editor of *Notes and Queries*, or to foster a spirit that would sink the historian in the genealogist, and the philosopher in a chronicler of the weather. They are all about pills and pigments, and such small facts as have perished in the using or doing of them: but our inquiries are about facts that have life and vitality in them still. When the Catholic squire or yeoman paid his apothecary or his coal-merchant, he performed an act of ordinary honesty which deserves but little praise, and less record: but when he stood up in court, and endured the contumely of upstart fanatics, the loss of his estate, the ruin of the prospects of his family, the filthy dungeon, the rack and the gallows, rather than renounce his religion, he did an act which the recording angel wrote down with an Alleluia on his lips,—a deed which continually cries out to the just God for mercy or for vengeance, and which, like a seed sown in a good soil, shall in its own

time most certainly germinate and fructify. Such facts are living, not dead. It is not a mere antiquarian repertory that they fill, but a martyrology. If we only gave the catalogue of the names of those who endured the loss of all things rather than defile their conscience, it would not, it ought not to be a mere dry list like that of the Post-Office Directory;—it should be like a list of victories to the old soldier; like a catalogue of the names of those who fell at Inkerman to the British patriot. It should be still more; it should be somewhat similar to the Litany of the Saints, or the columns of the glorious record of the martyrology. While we read them, we should remember that each name is probably written in the book of life; that these are our fathers in the faith, through whose prayers our miserable remnant* still continues faithful, and whose merits have gained for us whatever expansion we can now boast. We should think how one day we shall stand apart while this noble army is called over name by name in our hearing. We should think how we shall see these men and women one by one in their glorified bodies approach the Judge, one by one receive the palm-branch, the sceptre, and the royal robe; while we wait for our turn, happy if our paltry sacrifices and cool zeal procure for us the last and least of the places beneath their feet, to be their servants and their handmaids for ever in the courts of the house of God!

Such is the religious aspect of these documents. But they have practical values in our eyes not much inferior. In the first place, a study of the records of the persecution will do much to explain the otherwise unaccountable religious character of the English peasantry. How is it that this race, so sensible, so persevering, with such admirable qualities, even with a religiosity which surprised and charmed the ladies who made such sacrifices to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers in the East,—so independent moreover, and high-spirited and proud, so moved by the burden of their national song, “Britons never will be slaves,” yet at the same time so gentle, so easy to be governed, so submissive to authority,—how is it that in religion alone this race should have no fixed principles except that of change; no perseverance, no sense, no humility; and yet, unaccountable mixture! should be characterised by servility in religious matters which sells its faith for a loaf, and at the same time, by a shy kind of pride which keeps them separate from the higher classes, which holds them aloof from all attempts to evangelise them except by means of illiterate fanatics who spring from the midst of

* This was written some months before the last Number of the *Dublin Review* appeared.

them, and impresses indelibly upon them that stupidity and dullness in religious matters which make the English peasants such hopeless pagans in the eyes of those who have ever attempted to enlighten them? European society has been well said to be incarnate history. Great events leave their impressions on the fibres of society as surely as the water and the fire leave their traces in the strata and the rocks of the earth. The religious character of the English peasantry is the incarnation of the religious history of the people of England. There is not a characteristic in the contradictory complication of attributes which forms it that may not be explained historically; each callosity and bruise and wound bears the unmistakable mark of the chain or weapon that inflicted it, and is a record of the persecution and the cruelty by which first ignorance and then Protestantism were enforced upon them. But to construct a history of the Reformation from these traces would require the ingenuity of an interpreter of the Apocalypse, and the labour would result in as great an uncertainty; it would be a mere hypothesis, as little to be depended upon *à priori* as a phrenologist's character drawn up after due inspection of bumps. It would be like a restoration of a many-sided seal from an impression of one face of it. Here therefore we shall see the value of these records; we have the impression in the religious character of the people of England; we have the seal in the records of the administration of the penal laws; we have only to compare the seal with the impression in order to identify beyond all controversy the cause from which the effect had its origin. We shall be able to trace the persecution gradually imprinting all the present characteristics on the mind of the English peasant; and at last presenting him to the world in all the bizarre deformity of his religious intelligence. We shall also perhaps learn to judge him with more indulgence, to make allowances for his brutality; and this new charity may perhaps discover how to reverse the process of his brutalisation, and once more to verify the saying of St. Gregory, *non Angli sed Angeli forent, si modo essent Christiani*.

Another practical good that may arise from the publication of these documents is, the rectification of our ideas of history. There is a feeling abroad, that all historians are to be profoundly mistrusted; that the only truth-tellers are the bare unsophisticated records which exist among our government archives. A learned German, Dr. Pauli, is slowly plodding on with an English history, which he is writing on this principle: Mr. Froude, in his late remarkable romance, professes to follow it as his one guide. If we can but get

Protestants to read a few of the records of the means by which their religion was established—records which emanated from themselves, and have been preserved by them—what a different notion they will have of the arguments by which the Reformation was introduced and carried through! What a peculiar light such a study will throw on apothegms like that of the *Times* (Oct. 3, 1856), “The great mass of English religious intelligence has, from the religious data before it, gathered a Protestant conclusion,” when we find that these data were first the enforced ignorance, and then the racks, dungeons, halters, and sequestrations, by which the Elizabethan tradition was imposed on the masses of the population! Truly they seem preserved for the resurrection of a truth that has been bled to death by the pens of heretical historians!

Then, again, consider the use that may be made of the information that can be collected. Not a fine was inflicted, not an imprisonment enforced, but a record of it was preserved in the proper office—and may still probably, after due search, be found; with a given amount of labour we may find the names of all who suffered for religion in every village and town in England, the value of the goods which were confiscated, of the lands which were seized to the use of the crown, the informations, the indictments, the prosecutions, the imprisonment, first probably in the house of some parson or well-known Protestant, whose “conferences” the recusant had to endure a certain number of times a week; whence, on his continued obstinacy, he would be removed to the gaol, where he would die, or from which, after some ten years, he would be released a ruined man, to make room for the multitudes who were ready to take his place. Records of all these things exist; and only the industry of Catholics is requisite to collect, classify, and copy them. Then what an arm will they furnish to the controversialist! He may go into a village, and call round him the Woodcocks, Stubbs, Cooks, Hodges, the pauper labourers of the village, show them that their ancestors were once substantial yeomen of the place, living in that English comfort which the chief-justice of the fifteenth century (Gascoigne) so well describes, and holding fast to their old religion, when one day they were called up before the next justice of the peace, who was perhaps the squire, enriched by the spoils of some neighbouring abbey, and fined say 160*l.* for not having been to the church for the last eight months; that under the pressure of this impossible imposition they fled away, that their lands were seized and sold, their goods dispersed and confiscated, themselves soon after committed to gaol as vagrants, if they

did not die under the hedges; and their children brought up to curse the religion of their parents, and to till for hire as pauper labourers the lands which in justice they owned. Such an argument as this is intelligible to minds which are callous to all other "religious data." This mode of dealing was the argument by which Protestantism was established; the record of the fact we may hope will turn out to be an argument tending to the overthrow of that hateful system.

Many a side-blow too, we hope and trust, will be dealt by these documents to other things which our soul hateth. One of the pests of modern literature, it appears to us, is the controversial novel; that delightful way of so mixing truth and fiction, that the reader may fix the limits of the two just where he pleases; that new means of persuading men to a certain conclusion, by introducing a needless uncertainty into the premiss. There are facts stranger than fiction, and authentic narratives more stirring than any invented stories. These ancient histories may at first seem something strange and foreign; but the more intensely we read, the more our thoughts are engaged and our feelings warmed: and the history of those ancient men becomes, as it were, our own history; their sufferings our sufferings; their joys our joys. Without this sympathy history is a dead letter, and might as well be burnt and forgotten; while if it is once enlivened by this feeling, it appeals not only to the antiquarian, but to the heart of every man.

Having thus briefly stated our reasons for the work we have undertaken, and our expectations of its utility, we may as well go on to state what we wish to guard against. Of all things we dislike, dry dusty antiquarianism is one of our greatest aversions. It appears to us to be a mental deformity analogous to the corporeal one of having one's head placed on one's shoulders hind-side before. To have eyes behind may have its advantages; we do not deny that Janus had certain prerogatives and conveniences attached to his unique dignity,

"Solus de superis qui sua terga videt."

He was able, says Persius, effectually to overawe all rude little boys who are wont to follow fat gentlemen unlikely to display great agility in turning, whose waddle they imitate, and in derision of whom they loll the tongue and apply the thumb to the nose—

"O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas,
Nec linguæ tantum, sitiât canis Appula quantum."

But then Janus had a front face as well as a hind face, and

did not lose the present while he surveyed the past. Such an endowment is impossible to ordinary mortals; Providence, which has limited our eyes to two, has provided that they shall both be in front; we cannot have one before and one behind; to look back, we must turn our heads, and for the moment lose sight of the present. But let it be only for a moment; for if we get ourselves fixed in that position, we are fit for nothing more practical than the work of the poor love-lorn sailor, whose

“—head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.”

Like him, we shall unfit ourselves for any thing but to live in the past, and to seek, like parasitical insects, a precarious subsistence in the dusty periwigs of our deceased ancestors.

And yet, how difficult it is for an individual or a people, who, by force of circumstances, by natural decay, or external violence, is obliged to subside from a state of activity into one of passiveness, to avoid casting this longing, lingering look behind, and to feed the intellect on the empty memory of former deeds! The old soldier, the fallen politician, the defeated party, the subjugated people, each sets up as *laudator temporis acti*; each becomes an enthusiast for the past age of its activity, even to the utter oblivion of the present and the future. We English Catholics are in danger of falling into this mental imbecility; the circumstances amidst which we live are those most likely to encourage and to develop this mode of thought. A small minority among the millions of our race, inactive among the active, unimportant amid those who direct the destinies of the world,—what have we to boast of but our past glories? On what can our memory dwell with perfect pleasure but on the ages when, instead of being sectarians in society, we were “the people of England;” when we gave the tone to its thought, the direction to its influence, the strength to its arm? No wonder that we lean back in the arms of the past, and yearn towards “the ages of faith.” No wonder that we praise their system, their institutions, and their art; no wonder that we become enthusiasts even for their puerilities and their deformities; that we come to love the tobacco-pipe columns, the distorted saints, and dark corners of Gothic architecture, as well as its real beauties, its graceful forms, and bold constructions—the mystery of its vaults, and the breadth and amplitude of its cathedrals. It is not to be wondered at if some of us become as narrow-minded as the classical enthusiasts of the Renaissance, and in a different sphere imitate their exclusiveness and their prejudice. As their heads were filled with the idea that the

creative power of the human mind had exhausted itself in the great works of Greece and Rome, so some of us may be led to fancy that there can be no improvement on the works of the middle ages; and may be in danger, like them, of making ourselves, by our blind enthusiasm, the pests of science, literature, and art. When a man can no longer gather inspiration from the objects that surround him; when the writer is as it were a stranger, who feeds only on memories and imaginations, who lives in an ideal world, and has neither point of contact nor sentiment of fraternity with living men; when the accents of his eloquence are no longer the *explosion* of nature, but only something systematic and conventional, a cold echo of what was said a few centuries ago,—the words may be abundant and sonorous, but the spirit is smitten with barrenness. An uncritical admiration of antiquity for its own sake would land us in Druidism, or something still more barbarous; logically it ought to sigh for a state of things like that wherein the skin-clad Adam had to subdue the thorns and thistles of the earth with such implements as he could contrive out of broken sticks and sharp stones. *Æsthetically* we do not see that it can produce any thing much more practical than a perhaps melodious, but certainly melancholy, dirge upon the supposed death of an imaginary golden age, but no wise resolution for the present, no deep and far-sighted plans for the future.

Therefore, we repeat, we do not publish these documents in a mere antiquarian spirit; we are not solicitous to preserve the spelling and punctuation; we desire to rouse living feelings, indignation, zeal, love to our noble predecessors, even that love perhaps which would lead us to take measures for the exalting of some of their names into the Calendar of Saints. We are desirous, by publishing these specimens, to raise some little enthusiasm among our young Catholics—enough to induce them to join with us in our laborious occupation; to make generally known to those who may possess any ancient records the work we have undertaken, so that our little beginnings may, please God, be the nucleus of an association which in time may deserve the title of English Bollandists.

We had written thus far some months ago, when we thought that we should do more wisely to put off our preface till we had made some advance in the work which we had undertaken. We therefore threw this by, and only found it by an accident. We publish it now because some expressions in it throw light on what we meant in a notice, the inno-

cent wording of which has drawn down upon us an attack, the injustice of which has, we own, pained us deeply, and which we have briefly noticed in another article. This paper was written about the same time, and by the same person, as the notice in question; and as we can assure our readers that we have not altered a word of it, it will serve as proof, if any were wanted, that the expressions used here as well as there were not intended in the sense assumed by the Dublin reviewer.

Reviews.

THE RAMBLER AND THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

WHEN there is any danger of a great scandal ensuing, it is at all times better to suffer wrong patiently than to resist it violently, and to expose it clamorously. This consideration, and not any acquiescence in certain unjust and uncharitable misrepresentations of the *Rambler* in the late Number of the *Dublin Review*, induces us to refrain from all retaliation on the present occasion, with the simple protest that for ourselves we have always hated and detested any line of conduct which tends to the separation of old and new Catholics; that we have never allowed our thoughts to dwell on any comparisons between them; and that nothing was farther from our intentions or our expressed meaning than such an unwise contrast. We recognise any jealousy of the kind as the great danger of our position; and we fully subscribe to any possible invectives against its meanness, injustice, and folly. And in proportion to this our hatred of the crime, is our internal sorrow and indignation at the accusation of our having committed it. The very thought of it was so far from us, that it never entered our heads to examine whether our words could be interpreted to imply it; and we cannot help thinking that any person as free from such prepossessions as ourselves would have passed over our expressions without dreaming of attaching any such invidious meaning to them.

The accusation is made against two of our writers. We will not attempt to justify all the expressions of the notice of Dr. Brownson's review, which we published in our October Number; possibly the writer was too much elated with the praises of the great American, and too sore about certain clamours that had lately been raised against him. But still, let us be attacked for what we did say, not for what we did

not say. Dr. Brownson invited us to break with medievalism. We replied that we could not afford it. We compared America generally with "England, and especially the little remnant of Catholic England,"—the former as having no medieval traditions, the latter as formed upon them, and living by them. The contrast was between the society of the new continent and that of the old country, especially that small part of it which still clings to the ancient faith. We never had the remotest thought of dividing the faithful into two parties, the old and the new; still less of "twitting the old Catholics." No one can pretend to assert that the converts are less "medieval" than the others; to construe an attack on medievalism into an attack upon these persons is a very indefensible piece of false criticism.

Again, a special defect was imputed to the writers of the *Rambler* by Dr. Brownson, namely, want of breadth and comprehension in their views of the necessity of disencumbering themselves of the obsolete forms of the middle ages. They replied, that this is to be attributed not to their want of conviction of the truth which Dr. Brownson enunciates, but to their "inability to write in a masterly manner." Hereupon the Dublin reviewer accuses them of charging "the Catholic public with an incapacity of appreciating their productions."

Again, we said that it was *sometimes* proposed to us as the condition on which our publication would be encouraged, that we should provide insipid milk-and-water for our readers,—or, to use the published language of one of these monitors, that we should confine ourselves to "disseminating light, interesting, and safe reading." Hereupon we are accused of declaring that the whole Catholic body is so low in the scale of intellect, that it can only be satisfied with lies and trash. We never said, or implied, or thought of, any such absurdity.

We certainly enlarged upon this sweet theme of "milk-and-water and sugar," and described the way of treating history and philosophy which it implies: cooking history by suppressing, denying, or covering with the dust of irrelevant statistics all that may make against us; cooking philosophy by pretending that science is smoothing our difficulties, instead of (what it is really attempting) increasing them; and defending whatever is done in Catholic countries, as if the Catholic Church had done it. But did we accuse the Catholic public of compelling us to do this? Rather did we not appeal to the Catholic public against those who by their clamours appeared to be attempting to force us into that "safe" line? To whom did we write the obnoxious sentences? to Dr. Brownson, by way of showing him that his

advice was impossible to be followed? or to the Catholic public, asking them to support us in our protest against such monitors? Did we intend any insult to those to whom we were appealing? Common sense forbids the bare supposition.

This misrepresentation of our fault has enabled the reviewer to fasten another untrue accusation upon us: we allude to his bitter charge against us for our supposed estimation of ourselves, with his ironical admission of our unparalleled capacities. All this is mere misinterpretation of what we did say. We laughed, rather too loudly perhaps, at the hushing-up system; and protested against the incubation of persons who dread the public discussion of matters which they know to be the subject of anxious thought in private. We claimed, perhaps too positively, a right to express our profound interest on the great topics of the day, which, in spite of all surveillance, will more or less modify Catholic thought; to give them the measure of attention and study which we could afford; to say what we had to say about them to our fellow-Catholics and fellow-countrymen; and in the absence of others who would do it better, or indeed at all, to print and publish our own ideas, in the hope that they would not be utterly and entirely worthless. We claimed for ourselves and all Catholics, without thinking of drawing any line, the right to think, and to express our thoughts, on all subjects, so long as we did not impugn revealed truth. The reviewer may object to our claim, and prove it inadmissible; but he should not try to dispose of it by representing it to be that which it is not,—the drawing a line between ourselves and the general body of Catholics; between writers and readers; between ourselves as the wise instructors, and all the rest as the ignorant persons to be instructed. Such an interpretation of our words is both invidious and false.

Our second writer has been even more unfairly treated than the former one. There might have been some imprudence in that case; but what has this writer done? Yet the Dublin reviewer has pointed out an article of his as tending to produce divisions among Catholics, not only by dogmatically dividing them into marked classes of croakers and *couleur-de-rose* men, but by damping the energies of the laborious worker by a perpetual fault-finding. By way of showing that the *Rambler* is thus guilty, he quotes the opening sentences of a paper on education; and then proceeds to glorify the *Dublin* for having from the first used the very brightest colours of the rouge-pot for all Catholic matters. But surely this truth might have been announced without being propped up with the insinuation that *our* black souls de-

lighted in croaking. He need not have stopped short at exactly that point in our article which enabled him to pervert its meaning to the very opposite of that which its writer really expressed. In the very next sentences our contributor actually does, and does well and brilliantly, the very thing which the *Dublin Review* attacks him for not doing. We will not quote from our own pages; we will only ask the reader to turn to our Number for last November, and to read the first half of the second page as the proof of our assertion.

There is another sentence of the *Dublin Review* which we can scarcely trust ourselves to quote: "The writers (of the *Rambler*) do not attempt to throw themselves into the true position of Catholics. *They stand aloof, and do not share the real burden of Catholic labour.*" Does the reviewer mean this as an attack upon us as writers, or as private persons? If in the former sense, let him show, for instance, to what subjects the *Dublin* applies more real labour than we do to our articles on the sufferings of Catholics under the penal laws. In the second case, we beg to ask what the writer knows of our private life; and if he knows about it, what right he has to violate its secrets in the pages of a Review? If the charge is false, modesty forbids us to expose its falsehood; if it is true, surely charity ought to have prevented its being published in that form.

But even though we had been ten times more imprudent than we had shown ourselves to be, could not the grave truths which the writer of the *Dublin* descants upon be asserted without raking up forgotten controversies, investing them with fresh meanings, and recalling attention to that which is at the same time declared to be better forgotten? The stream of periodical literature is so rapid, that a controversy is carried out of sight and memory in a couple of months. If we had inflicted a wound upon Catholic society, that wound was long since healed; if it is opened afresh, it is not we that have done it, but those remarks of the *Dublin*, of which we may safely say that they are of a kind to create the very evils which they affect to deplore. Surely peace need not have been recommended in terms of war, nor love and charity preached by means of misrepresentations and cutting irony. We will not enlarge upon this painful theme, lest we should be provoked into the retaliation which we feel would be so easy, but at the same time so deplorable. We will only hope that in future we may all find it possible to argue against one another's supposed mistakes without personality or perversion of truth. And as the *Dublin Review* has quoted texts of Scripture against us and in its own

favour, we will end by requesting that the next time we are accused of committing a fault, instead of being censured in a manner to which charity forbids us to make the obvious reply, we may be treated more in accordance with the following injunction: "If thy brother shall offend against thee, go and rebuke him between thee and him alone. If he shall hear thee, thou shalt gain thy brother. And if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more And if he will not hear them, tell the Church."

Instead of this, we wake one fine morning, and find ourselves blazoned forth to the whole Catholic world as guilty of a fault which we never dreamed of, and of which we did not know that any one accused us; and held up to the ridicule of our brethren as busybodies who never attempt to do any thing but find fault—half-Protestants, croakers, so wise in our own estimation that we fancy ourselves the destined instructors of the whole human race, and such supine Catholics that we refuse to take our places in the body among our brethren, or to bear our fair share of their burdens. And all this said with such circumstances as would make it an odious, reckless, and selfish thing in us to insist upon our right to retaliate.

MODERN ANGLICANISM—"THE UNION."

THAT our readers may fully comprehend the remarks we are about to offer, we beg, *in limine*, to request them to read carefully the following "correspondence" from Rome, and the paragraph of English news which we append to the Roman letter:

"ITALY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Rome, Dec. 22.

During the Advent season a large number of strangers have arrived here, many of whom are English. Although the weather was remarkably cold in the early part of the month, the mountains around being partially covered with snow, yet now the air is extremely mild again, and the temperature of an ordinary degree,—a change likely to be very acceptable to those who propose sojourning here during the winter months. Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Tours; Dr. Errington, the English Archbishop of Trebizonde; the Bishop of Séez; Mr. Egerton, M.P., and Lady Charlotte Egerton; Mr. G. Dundas, M.P.; Lady Gibson Carmichael; the Hon. Col. Percy; and the Hon. Mrs. Bathurst, are amongst the recent arrivals.

On the Feast of St. Andrew the Holy Father bore the Blessed Sacrament from the Sistine Chapel, and placed It for the forty hours' adoration upon a jewelled throne under a brilliant canopy in the Chapel of St. Paul.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated with much dignity and great rejoicing. The city was partially illuminated on both the evenings of the 7th and 10th. The Pope went to the Church of the Holy Apostles for the first vespers; and there were Masses, services, and sermons at all the churches here. The faithful generally observed the feast with very great devotion. The students (many of them English) of the Collegio Pio have subscribed towards the purchase of an elaborate banner in honour of Mary, now placed over the altar of their chapel. It is a very truthful copy of a beautiful Madonna by a German artist, whose name I forget.

There have been special Advent services, and quasi-retreats at many churches here. The well-known Father Pettitot has attracted many hearers by his powerful appeals and able oratorical powers. He is, it is reported, to preach a course of sermons during Lent. Dr. Fergusson, at the Church of St. Claudio, delivered a striking series of discourses on the Four Last Things. There were at times many Protestants present, who behaved, when I was there, a trifle more reverently than such are accustomed to do. Dr. Manning has arrived, not in very good health, and is to preach immediately after Christmas. He comes, I am informed, to make final arrangements with reference to the opening of a church in the north-west of London, of which he is to be the directing priest.

A very interesting order has just been issued by the cardinal-vicar in regard to the style of music and the bearing of the choir-men, &c., in the parish churches here. 'It is our wish (he enjoins) that no music should be used in churches, save and except vocal music of the style of Palestrina, with the sole accompaniment of the organ, and of that grave and severe style so meritoriously adopted in the most ancient churches.' Noisy instruments, theatrical music, useless repetition of words, and indistinct pronunciation, are all condemned.

Some of your clergy at home might benefit by a perusal of this valuable document. I will try and send it to you in my next packet.

A solemn *triduo* of thanksgiving for the recent escape of the King of Naples was celebrated on the 12th at the Cathedral of the Holy Apostles. It was very numerously attended; but the *Te Deum* at the Minerva Church on Thursday the 18th was a much more imposing solemnity. Cardinal Antonelli, with the great majority of the Sacred College, Queen Christina, the Duchess of Saxony, and a crowd of Roman *illustrissimi*, were present. The Ambrosian hymn was chanted by the choir of the Papal choir with most touching beauty, and the whole celebration was deeply affecting.

I understand that his Holiness has addressed an autograph letter to the Emperor Napoleon, imploring him to refrain from encouraging

the revolutionary party at Naples by adding to the grave complications of the Neapolitan question.

A piece of scandal is current to the effect that Cardinal Alfieri has taxed his Eminence the Vicar-General with permitting the exportation of corn from Terracina for purposes of personal gain. I only allude to it to assure you that it is an unmitigated calumny."

"A case of most unjustifiable proselytism has recently occurred at Winchester. The circumstance of three Italians in the city gaol, waiting for execution, seems to have been turned to account by putting all possible obstacles in the way of the access of a priest of their own persuasion, whilst their cells were thrown open to the chaplain and an 'Italian Protestant gentleman,' with a view of unsettling such traces as might yet remain of the faith of their childhood. What form of religion is implied in the term, an 'Italian Protestant gentleman,' we do not know; but his efforts were so far successful, that one of the three made his confession of faith in the shape of a sufficiently parrot-like and Protestant piece of claptrap. Of the other two, one had not been confirmed; and on his desiring to receive that sacrament, Dr. Grant, the Bishop of Southwark, went down and administered it."

"We have seen most of this before," say our readers; "not exactly in the same words, but in some Catholic paper or other, though we cannot call to mind precisely when or where. But surely it was hardly worth quoting, now that the news is stale. It is a piece of plain, straightforward Catholic intelligence; interesting enough at the time, but no more remarkable than what one reads nearly every week that passes."

The reader will, however, be not a little surprised when we add that these quotations are taken from *The Union*, a new newspaper, published within the borders of the Established Church of England. They are the writings of men who, strictly speaking, are "Protestants," though certainly the term would not popularly be applied to them; and who are denounced by their own brethren as being every thing that is odious, false, hypocritical, papistical, and jesuitical;—nay, as being perhaps actual Papists and Jesuits, clothed in subtle disguise.

That in the present condition of popular feeling it could have been supposed possible to carry on a newspaper with these latter views, we should certainly have thought quite out of the question. The proprietors of *The Union* are evidently of a different opinion, and accordingly they have made their venture. Whether they will succeed no one can tell; but we honestly say that we wish them all success. They will not be damaged by such an expression of goodwill on the

part of an avowedly Popish periodical. The purely Protestant press will be sufficiently disgusted at their own statements, without needing to be enlightened as to their detestable enormities by the approbation of "Romanist" writers. Indeed, the fact that we thus openly express ourselves about them may possibly convince some tremulous old lady, or some scared Evangelical, that *The Union* is not, after all, the production of a cunning Jesuit, employed by that old pagan the Pope to ensnare souls in this pious land of England. It would be evident bad policy in "Papists" to speak too plainly on the proceedings of their fellow-conspirators. Hence it may be argued, that however wicked, scandalous, deceitful, *et cetera*, may be the conductors of *The Union*, they are probably not *really* Jesuits, or Dominicans, or in any way personally commissioned by the Pope of Rome.

But now let us explain what we mean when we say that we wish the conductors of *The Union* all success. How, in any consistency, can we so speak of men whose avowed aim is what theirs is? Their aim appears a distinct one—to maintain those doctrines commonly called distinctively "Roman"—of course with the exception of the doctrine of the Papal Supremacy—and at the same time to remain members of the Protestant Establishment. And their method has hitherto been this: to speak of us as if they were our recognised brethren in the faith; to use our phraseology; to adopt our ideas as far as may be; to go to Rome, and write just as if they were practically in communion with the Church there; to criticise English religious affairs as nearly as possible as we should criticise them; to write of our Bishops and clergy as friends and neighbours; in a word, to adopt towards the "Church of Rome" and her children identically the same system as that practised by the extreme Evangelical section of the Establishment towards the Baptists, Independents, and other Protestant sects. In what an inimitable way they propose to do this may be gathered from the sentence which concludes the paragraph we have quoted on the proselytising case at Winchester, and runs as follows: "Had such a wish been expressed among ourselves, the answer would probably have been received from the episcopal chaplain, stating that his lordship's next triennial confirmation tour would take place in the spring of 1858."

How, then, can we wish success to such a paper as this?

We wish them success, because we hope that in time this success will lead them on to another success, of which they perhaps little dream. We rejoice to see that a sufficient hold of certain elementary Catholic truths is still maintained

by members of the Church of England to make it even a possibility to obtain adequate circulation for a journal which dares to speak its mind. Impossible as we find it to do otherwise than class in one category all persons who refuse practically *to obey* the Pope, we do not for a moment deny that the differences in detail among them are very great; that while many are so heretical that it is difficult to detect in their opinions a single iota of the faith of St. Peter and St. Paul, others have never let go their hold of the great doctrines which, mixed up in inextricable confusion with the extravagancies and abominations of Lutheranism, are found in the Prayer-Book of the Anglican Church. In former days, before Puseyism began, a large number of the old-fashioned clergy and their followers believed in the dogmas of the apostolical succession, in creeds as such, and in sacramental grace: in a misty, vague, illogical way, it is true; but still in a sufficiently sincere degree to make them the objects of the contumelious attacks of Dissenters and Evangelicals. In such men as these, when their baptism was rightly administered, and their lives were pure, the Catholic had no difficulty in recognising fit subjects for the doctrine of what we term "invincible ignorance;" he trusted that their errors were involuntary, and he regarded them as "crypto-Catholics."

But now things have changed. Puseyism has placed the logical consequences of old-fashioned Church-of-Englandism before the eyes of a younger generation in a manner which renders "invincible ignorance" more difficult to a sincere man. That quiet jog-trot spirit of humdrum, which kept the sleepy old mind of respectable England in its profound acquiescence in the perfections of the Establishment, is to a great extent a thing of the past. Men have been forced to look truths and logical results in the face, with a directness that would have abruptly shortened the days of the genuine old country-parson. With this advance in thought, an increase in responsibility has necessarily come too. The sun has shone into the faces of so many thousands, that when a man does not see, it is difficult to believe that it is not simply because he chooses to close his eyes. Hence, of all people whose moral condition is at once a strange phenomenon and a source of sorrow to the Catholic, there are few like those whose ideas are represented in this new periodical. To us, accustomed to such a totally different system of action, there often seems something stupendously unreal and insincere in the language of a man who can write of the Pope as does *The Union* correspondent. We can hardly conceive how an honest man can force himself to believe that by talking as if

he were in communion with the Pope, he would actually place himself in such communion. It looks so like affectation and humbug, that it requires some little consideration to treat those who adopt these fashions with the respect which is due to all honest men, whoever they may be.

Nevertheless it is undeniable that, of all the odd, queer, heterogeneous, incomprehensible compounds which exist in nature, there is none like that mysterious entity which we call the mind of a man. It is a strange enough mixture of the petty and the noble, of the sincere and the tricky, even in those who, through happy circumstances or force of character, are the most consistent of our race. But when it comes to the man or the woman of ordinary mark, what a marvellous combination of things admirable and vile do we present to the analysis of the satirist and the critic! *A priori* theorising on what such fantastic creatures will do in any great circumstances is fruitless. We cannot judge one another except by the light of facts already past and thoroughly investigated.

We hold, therefore, that any indiscriminating censure of the "Anglo-Romanist" party—to call them by the most appropriate name we can devise—grounded on the idea that men who know so much must really know still more, would be altogether unjust. The past history of many a man, now at length comprehended, forbids the idea. Large is the list of persons who in former times have themselves been chargeable with these very affectations, shams, and unrealities,—with this very same apparently wilful blindness; and who, having now opened their eyes to the logical absurdities of their old theories, still maintain that it was all *bonâ fide*, and that, when they seemed to be mere selfish *dilettanti*, trifling with the most awful and tremendous truths, they were in fact possessed with an intense sense of responsibility, and yearning for a knowledge of their duty only that they might do it. What these have been, others may be, and doubtless are. The Anglo-Romanist phase of theological progress is, we are confident, in many instances simply the sign of a hearty, though half-informed, conviction that Protestantism is not Christianity. And whatever may be our own perceptions of the inconsistencies of men who *seem* thus wantonly to sport with heaven and hell, we would never meet them with taunts or ridicule, or deny them the expression of our sympathy in their struggles for what is good and true.

To the party, therefore, which this new newspaper represents we have only to say, *Try* whether these doctrines, which are the life and soul of that living Church which is in com-

munion with the Pope, can be wrought actually into the life of Anglicanism. Our books are open to you; our practices court the light of day; our church-functions are accessible all over the world; we ourselves, living English Catholics, speaking your tongue and knowing your circumstances, are to be encountered by every man who wishes to find us. Here is our religion, and here are we. There are many things in us which you do not understand; some doubtless which distress you, and some which shock you. You may be sometimes misunderstood, personally, by us; you may be more harshly dealt with than you consider that you deserve, perhaps even than you *do* deserve. Heed not this; follow your consciences; adopt all you can of our ideas, our practices, our books. If the world is against you, it matters nothing. If people call you hypocrites, and charge you with eating the bread of Protestantism while you are Papists at heart, pay no heed to them so long as your conscience has a different account to render to God. You have a tremendous problem to solve; you see that the united voice of mankind, whether Protestant or Catholic, is at any rate against *your* views; you are daring to do that from which millions would shrink. See, then, the frightful danger of trifling in such a case as this. Think what a pure sincerity of purpose is needed to bear you harmless through such a thicket of snares. You imagine yourselves called to a most extraordinary course; do not fly from it. If the "Church of Rome" can thus be easily made to glide into communion with the "Church of England," by all means make the trial. *We* tell you it cannot be; the great majority of your fellow-Anglicans tell you it cannot be. Heed them not, if you in your own hearts believe that it can.

Only,—we repeat once more; and no one, even of yourselves, will hesitate in this to agree with us,—recollect the inexpressibly momentous nature of the work you are attempting. The question between Rome and her opponents is not a question of æsthetics, or politics, or good taste, or nationality, or civilisation, or establishments, or literature, or personal feelings, or church-functions, or vestments, or music, or of fasting, or saints' days, or of natural morality, or of superficial historical difficulties, or of forms of prayer;—it is the question, whether a man can belong to the one Church which was founded by Jesus Christ, who refuses to recognise the indestructible *unity* of that Church as symbolised and effected by the supreme government of the Roman Pontiff.

Short Notices.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Reflections and Suggestions in regard to what is called the Catholic Press in the United States. By the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York. (Dunigan and Brother.) Reprinted from *The Metropolitan* for December 1856. This pamphlet has been sent to us for review by the publisher. The author, after rebuking those pretended Catholic journals, which sacrifice their religion to their republicanism, and strive to perpetuate national jealousies of extraction in what should be the united mass of American citizenship, goes on, after a certain meed of praise, to criticise Dr. Brownson (who is said to hope rather too much from the development of a true American nationality) for the following passage in a most eloquent article which the able reviewer printed last October :

“These Catholic young men, who now feel that they have no place, and find no outlet for their activity, are the future, the men who are to take our places, and carry on the work committed to us. We must inspire them with faith in the future, and encourage them to live for it. Instead of snubbing them for their inexperience, mocking them for their greenness, quizzing them for their zeal, damping their hopes, pouring cold water on their enthusiasm, brushing the flower from their young hearts, or freezing up the well-springs of their life, we must renew our own youth and freshness in theirs, encourage them with our confidence and sympathy, raise them up if they fall, soothe them when they fail, and cheer them on always to new and nobler efforts. Oh, for the love of God and of man, do not discourage them, force them to be mute and inactive, or suffer them, in the name of Catholicity, to separate themselves from the country and her glorious mission.”

On this the archbishop says, “We confess our inability to comprehend or apprehend the meaning of this paragraph. . . . The Catholic young men in this country have had, so far as we know, every encouragement to realise the ideal of the eloquent reviewer. And it is a matter of great consolation to know that hundreds of them, even in this city, are co-operating in various ways to correspond with the programme laid down for them in the foregoing remarks. They are generally most active in promoting works of charity. Many of them belong to pious associations, Rosary-societies, the admirable association of St. Vincent de Paul, and other devout sodalities. But when or where or by whom they have been hindered from doing the work assigned them, or have had the ‘flower brushed from their young hearts,’ is quite a secret and a mystery to us.”

The pamphlet is instructive.

An Elementary Greek Grammar, based on the latest German Edition of Kühner. By Charles O’Leary, M.A., Professor of Greek in Mount St. Mary’s College, Maryland. (New York, Sadlier.) We cannot say that we are acquainted with all the improvements which have taken place in elementary Greek books since we learned that language from the old Eton grammar. We can only assert, therefore, that this is a wonderful advance on that manual; though we have heard that there is

an elementary work by a Mr. Geddes, a professor at Edinburgh, that is even better than this. Boys now-a-days may be taught philosophy and grammar at once, by being informed of the fundamental sense of each particle, its derivative meanings, and the causes and reasons of their derivation.

Fundamental Philosophy. By the Rev. James Balmez. Translated from the Spanish by Henry F. Brownson, M.A. 2 vols. (New York, Sadlier.) With an Introduction by Dr. Brownson. We have long been acquainted with this excellent work; but we received the present volumes too late to be able to give them any extended notice this month. We will therefore for the present content ourselves with saying that we know of no treatise on metaphysics that criticises and exposes the errors of modern philosophy so admirably as this. It is the greatest work of its author, and he is one of the five or six greatest writers whom the Church has produced in the present century. The translation is very well done; though there are several expressions which are either mistakes or Yankeeisms, with which we are unacquainted: these flaws, however, do not much damage the whole style.

Aurora Leigh. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. (London, Chapman and Hall.) Mrs. Browning is a person who has taken up poetry not merely as an amusement, or even as a trade or profession, but as the religion of life. She has no notion that the age has gone by when the *vates* or bard was the inspired authority, the seer whom every one consulted in every difficulty, and whose rhythmical responses formed the basis of every science. In her eyes poets are "the only truth-tellers now left to God,—the only speakers of essential truth,—the only teachers who instruct mankind to find man's veritable stature out." Other men are engaged in "building pyramids, gauging railroads, reigning, reaping, dining, and dusting carpets;" while the poet is "crying to them with a voice of thunder, 'this is soul, this is life,' making them look up for an instant, and confess that carpet-dusting is, after all, not the imperative labour of life."

This we concede is the commission given to the true *vates*; but such a being makes but a rare appearance; the chair of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Shakespeare is but rarely filled, or if filled, we are not ultramontanes enough to accept each edict and writ that comes from it, before it has received the sanction of the dispersed church of readers and listeners. The poet is not a poet because he says his own say, but because he says what we wish to say and cannot, because he expresses that which our lips have been vainly labouring to express, because he catches and fixes the fleeting vision which tantalises our souls, and flies from our peering eyes and clutching hands. The seal of the poet is popular acceptance; not the popularity of the hour, the offspring of the puffs and panegyrics of a party, but that silently growing love which leads men to quote his lines, to appropriate his phrases, and to adopt his expressions. Now to obtain this distinction he must have but one aim in view,—to speak truth, pertinent, universal truth, and not to be a mere posture-poet, a ballet-dancer of Parnassus. After all, carpet-beating is a prettier trade than attitudinising. Though it does not collect so great a crowd, nor excite so much wonder, to reap and to sow is a more respectable occupation than to grin through a horse-collar. And herein lies the difficulty of poets now-a-days; as musicians feel that Handel has exhausted the simple phrases and successions that produce sublimity of effect; that Bach has for ever rendered hopeless any competition in his peculiar style of "thought-entangled descant;" that in rhythmical sequence, in

the unexpected yet perfect response, in power combined with delicacy, Beethoven has left nothing to be improved,—so poets seem to feel that all common truths, all the ordinary feelings of the heart, have been long ago expressed, and that they must either be silent, or if they are to speak, must, like Jullien and Wagner, make up by grimaces and noise what they want of true inspiration :—make up, did we say? there can be no substitute for the calmness and self-possession which characterise every great work. The fever-screams of nightingales are no substitute for their song, nor the skeletons of muses for their youthful beauty. It is in the struggle to seem greater than they are, that our poets become so preposterous. Modern life wants not its new aspects of truth, its new phases of thought, its new feelings and philosophies, which will one day be found a rich mine for a true poet, when at length a man arises who will look outside of himself with as little self-consciousness and introversion as the ballad-makers of the people, or the hymnographers of the medieval age. We see soul best, not in our own bosoms, but reflected in the face of society: copy that with artistic truth, and the true expression of soul will not be wanting. When poets desert this standard of truth, they strive to make up in exaggeration for their loss: just as in effete and depraved society expressions become less gross, and men seek to regain in words what they have lost in virtue; so when poetry has lost all its power, it seeks to regain by violence what it has lost in muscle.

What we want in the poet is, to express these new truths and feelings with unaffected propriety: not to speak like an act of parliament, with all the affectation of precision, and all the reality of confusion; but on the other hand, not to run riot in that unintelligible jargon whose clangour in most modern poets fills our ears with the din of the cymbals of Cybele. The poetical form is, as Victor Hugo says, a powerful dyke against the commonplace, which, like democracy, is always on the point of overflowing. An idea steeped in verse becomes suddenly more incisive and more brilliant—the iron becomes steel. As the voice, says Montaigne, when constrained within the narrow tube of a trumpet comes out with more force and effect, so a sentence, when compressed into poetical feet, breaks upon us more abruptly, and strikes us with more sudden shock. Hence poetry is the first language of childhood:

“What will a child learn sooner than a song?”*

It expresses the first lisps of religion:

“Disceret unde preces vatem ni musa dedisset?”†

(Whence would man learn to pray, unless the Muse had sent a bard?)

It is more powerful to teach than the sermon or the theological essay:

“The silenced preacher yields to potent strain.”‡

“Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,” says Swift. Poetry, says Cervantes, conveys love into hearts, and sense into souls. It is the charm, says Roscommon, which we use “heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.” Even the lawyers allow it to be brought in as evidence, provided it does not contradict their enactments. “*Licetum est*,” say they, “*allegare dicta poetarum ubi juri non contradicunt*,”—the poets may be quoted when the law does not contradict them.

Now the question is, Are we to range Mrs. Browning among these true poets, or among the false ones?—among the mouth-pieces or the mouths of this generation?

* Pope.

† Horace.

‡ Pope.

And first, with regard to the truth she tells, she hardly comes up to her own estimate of the true poet. She appears to us like a dog that leaps at the morsel offered to him, but falls back without attaining it. Her intention seems good ; she comes nearer the truth than most people ; but at last she falls down to their level, and there for the present she remains. To continue our unfeminine illustrations, she has climbed the greased pole higher than her predecessors ; and if she has failed to reach the prize at the top, at least the pole is *dégraissé*, and the climb rendered less slippery for the next aspirant. But for herself, she is still on the level, and speaks from the level. The "truth" that she tries to enforce on this generation is, the futility and unsatisfactory character of art, of business, of literature, of philanthropy, and even of religion ; and she falls back to the assumption of the current philosophy, that the love of the sexes and matrimony is the centre and *summum bonum* of humanity. And this in an age when society seeks in vain to repress the brutality of husbands, when women are demanding independence, and when the legislature is thinking of repealing the laws of Christian wedlock in favour of a Pagan and Judaical right of divorce. Verily, as Voltaire says, "men seek to regain in words what they have lost in virtue." Wedded love, as it becomes rare upon earth, is proclaimed to be the essence of Christianity. This is the key-note of Mrs. Browning's poem ; almost its opening phrase, as well as its closing cadence. Aurora's father sees a girl going in procession to her first communion, and falls in love—

"A face flashed like a cymbal on his face,
And shook with silent clangour brain and heart,
Transfiguring him to music. Thus, even thus,
He too received his sacramental gift
With eucharistic meanings ; for he loved."

And Aurora at last, having tried all the mysteries of thought, finds that she must put up with her kinsman Romney, the disappointed "Christian socialist," and end all doubts and distresses in the religion of matrimony. Such is the beginning and end of the book ; the middle is an impossible novel, contrived to carry Aurora and Romney through all the experiences and disappointments of modern theories, in order, by a process of exhaustion, to bring them to acknowledge at last the required truth. For the vulgar error into which Mrs. Browning relapses we have not much to say. But for the details of the poem, for the appreciation of the different phases of life and society, and for the approximate fairness with which she regards the Catholic religion, we confess that we have a real admiration. There is much in the poem that descends to the commonplace, even to twaddle and small-talk ; but there is also much that shines like clusters of jewels.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—In your December Number I notice that a correspondent, who signs himself "J. B. M.," is very severe upon theologians generally on account of their ignorance of etymology.

Four persons, however, fall under his censure by name: St. Augustine, St. Anastasius of Sinai, and Fathers Petavius and Passaglia; the last of whom has gone so far as to "affront the schoolboy knowledge" of the said correspondent.

Some of his criticisms I think are incorrect as to erudition, all as to good taste.

To begin with St. Augustine. He says something that "would have set the gravest synagogue in a roar." It is, that cherubim means "fulness of knowledge." "Whoever told him so was about as wise an etymologist as the boy who inferred that *brum* was a stick because *candela-brum* was a candlestick." Then J. B. M. proceeds to tell us how the mistake may have arisen originally. Some quiz of a Jew may have told the Christians "cherub" meant "*secundum multitudinem*," as if derived from "ca," *secundum*, and "rab," *multum*. The "bin" is easily accounted for, for "'bin' does mean knowledge in Hebrew." "The *secundum multitudinem* they spliced on to the *bin* for themselves. 'A lot of knowledge, as it were.' Why, it would have set the gravest synagogue in a roar!" But "bin is the real Hebrew," and the "plural termination." "Bin is a Chaldee one."

Here is "a lot of knowledge" in a vengeance!

The person who thus misled St. Augustine was St. Jerome, whose knowledge of Hebrew would not have "set any synagogue in a roar," and who is revered as an authority by the most celebrated Biblical scholars. We may judge of his mastery of the language from the single fact, that while his master was dictating the book of Tobias from the Chaldaic into the Hebrew tongue, St. Jerome, "*currente calamo*," rendered it into Latin from the Hebrew.

It was not likely, therefore, that this great man would have mistaken a Hebrew for a Chaldaic termination, much as he may have been tempted to translate cherubim "fulness of knowledge," because "bin" signifies "knowledge," especially as it does *not* mean knowledge, which "binah" does.

In l. 3 in Isaiam, c. vi., he thus writes: "Seraphim plurali numero appellantur, et singulari seraph, sicut *cherubim et cherub*."

So much for plural terminations. Now for the meaning of the word.

Explaining the verse of Ezechiel, "Et intellexi quia cherubim essent," &c., he writes, "Cherubim in linguâ nostrâ *scientiæ multitudo est*" (hence the plural number), "notitia sacramentorum Dei, et thronus ejus." See l. 3. c. 10, on vv. 18, 19, 20.

St. Jerome knew not only the meaning but the *derivation* of the word, which has since been lost. Perhaps the living creatures signified "fulness of knowledge," because they were symbols of the four evangelists, and in the four gospels we have the "fulness of knowledge" which we have received "*ex plenitudine Christi*."

J. B. M., however, tells us *he* will "hazard a conjecture" as to the derivation of the word cherubim. "Cherub" comes from "rachab," it being customary, as he informs us, to invert letters in the Hebrew. According to this derivation, cherubim is the same as "hrescoobim," "chariot-seats."

I beg to remark upon this conjecture of J. B. M., that *he* runs a risk of "affronting *our* schoolboy knowledge" when he talks in this way, for beginners in Hebrew know that it may be found in any modern lexicon.* We cannot, however, be surprised that etymologists are

* For instance, Gesenius writes thus, "Modo Semiticæ originis est hoc vocabulum, *vel 'carab' litteris transpositis est pro 'racab' . . . vel*," &c. See his Thesaurus. See also Winer and others.

not so dogmatical upon the point as J. B. M., when this derivation was probably suggested by the passage in Ezechiel, while the use of the word in the *third chapter of Genesis* seems to point to a very different etymon.

But J. B. M., not content with giving us this his lucid and original (as he imagines it to be) conjecture, illustrates his canon about the transposition of letters from two passages in Holy Writ. Thus "Shemuel," he says, is for "Meshual," "he who was asked for;" and "Lamech," in like manner, is for "Malech," a king, "the *king* both of Cainite and Sethite dynasty at the flood."

Here is another "lot of knowledge."

There are instances in Scripture of *supposed* transposition, and even change of letters: there is not one *certain* example. It is a liberty that might have been taken in a particular case for purposes of concealment, but very seldom, to avoid confusion.*

Unfortunately for J. B. M., the two instances he points to are, to say the least, not *probable* examples of transposition of letters.

"Shemuel," as the best interpreters show, is derived from "shama," "to hear," leaving out the guttural: cf. *e.g.* "meroz" for "me'eroz," and "El," "God;" or more simply still, from "Shem," "name," and "El," "God." Thus Gesenius; though not the only derivation he suggests. In this manner we need not have recourse to transposition at all, which would have caused the most irreparable confusion. J. B. M., against Gesenius, &c., derives it from "shaal," not too happily; for if Samuel's mother had wanted to give him a name from that root, she would have called him "Shaul," as is probable not only from the common practice, but also from her own words in the context (see v. 28 in the Hebrew). Why go to the form "Pual" in order to get "Meshual;" and if we have not got "Meshual," how can "Shemuel" be the inverted form of it?

As to "Lamech" being put for "Malech," suffice it to say that Lamech was not a king, much less of two dynasties. The origin of his name might be found in the Arabic without any inversion whatever.

J. B. M. now proceeds to censure St. Anastasius of Sinai. "His chapter on etymology in the 'Viæ Dux' is as asinine as the theology is admirable." It is a good thing to read, he says, for "a little pastime."

J. B. M. corrects one or two only of the etymologies he instances from St. Anastasius; the others he contents himself with laughing at. One is this: "Ophis, a serpent, comes from $\acute{o} \phi\epsilon\acute{\iota}s$, that which talked to Eve." The real origin, we are informed, is the Hebrew term signifying "foam."

It is not my intention to take up the cudgels in defence of St. Anastasius' etymologies. It would be as useless as to defend all the natural history in some spiritual writers, even as late as St. Francis of Sales. But as J. B. M. thinks "the theology admirable," can it be worth while to drag a saint from heaven to make pastime for any body, or to apply the term "asinine" to any thing in connection with his name? And as it is *possible*, not to say *probable*, that J. B. M. gives the wrong derivation himself, many may think it was still less necessary to expose this holy man to ridicule.

It seems probable that the name of serpent would have been derived from some external sign connected with the animal. All the Hebrew words for serpent allude to its shape, to the sound it makes, &c. But foam has little enough connection with a serpent. J. B. M. might

* For a supposed instance of change of letters, see interpreters on the word Sesach (Jerem. xxv. 26; li. 41).

have thought of the Hebrew word "hepha," "viper," derived from "phaah," "to hiss."

So completely is J. B. M. at fault, as usual, that there probably is no word in the Hebrew language for "foam." If he was thinking of the "quasi spumam," "chekeseeph," in Osee x. 7, he should have known that the Latin translation gives the figure, not the *meaning of the word*.

Ophis may be the same as the Egyptian word *οφιον*, serpent, from *οφι*, to thirst, as the Greek word *διδω* from *διδω*. Then there is the Egyptian word *οφι*, meaning the same.

The above display of Hebraic lore may have appeared forced more or less upon J. B. M. when attempting to ridicule and refute two saintly and learned authors. Whether this be the case or no, I find he volunteers some more erudition for the benefit of men who talk "utter and irretrievable nonsense" when they speak of etymology, namely, theologians.

"Chafatz," says J. B. M., means in Hebrew "to accept," "to please." Now, he never could see how it got this meaning till he found that it meant "*to wag* the tail;" and then the mystery was solved. "It does not require much observation to know that this act is the animal expression of pleasure."

Theology, thank God! has not as yet deprived me, Mr. Editor, of this power of observing *nature*. I remember some time ago seeing a dog "wag its tail" when pleased. I may have been less fortunate in preserving observation as to the *point of an argument* since I finished my theological studies.

The deduction I *presume* to be the following: As animals wag their tails when pleased, we are pleased when we should wag our tails if we had any.

Until J. B. M. saw this, he was "quite at a loss how to reconcile 'chafatz' with its cognate words," that is (he continues with a most benevolent communication of information on all kinds of matter), "with words having two radicals similar."

Here, then, we have virtually or explicitly three statements; and should not expect more than three inaccuracies—the exact number he falls into.

First, granting (which I do not) that "chafatz" means "to wag" (and I might say a good deal about the other meanings he quotes as well), he would still be unable to reconcile the word with its cognates.

Secondly, cognate words are *not* necessarily such as have two radicals similar. Many cognate words come under this category; but the rule is not correct which lays down that all words having two radicals similar are cognate words.

Thirdly, it is not certain that "chafatz" means "to wag."

It occurs once in its literal sense in the Scriptures, Job, cap. xi. The behemoth is being described, v. 10. "Ecce behemoth" v. 12. "*stringit caudam suam quasi cedrum*." The LXX. has *εστησε*. The ancient versions are against J. B. M.

The meaning is "inflexit," "inclinavit;" hence propension of the will, inclination, love, &c.

The whole figure seems to exclude the idea of wagging; as I think any one will admit who takes the trouble of studying the passage carefully.

To pass on to the Greek. Dr. Passaglia has "affronted" J. B. M.'s "schoolboy knowledge." Dr. Passaglia should have known that *αιωνιος* cannot be derived from *αι ων*, because both words, *αι* and *αιωνιος*, have the same Sanscrit root, namely, *i*, to go, the *i-re* of the Latins.

Here again we have uncertainties given for certainties. It is *not*

clear that the two words have the same root; and even if they had, his conclusion might be denied.

First, then, *aiōnios* (*aiōn*) may not have the same derivation as *aiēi*. *aiōn* may have an *Egyptian* origin.*

Whoever is curious to follow up the proofs of this assertion may consult Jablonski on the Egyptian word "phenez." The "ench" of the Egyptians is the *aiōn* of the Greeks; and both words mean "ætas," "sæculum," "æternitas." "Enench" corresponds to the Greek *aiōnios*, "æternus." Compare Heb. i. with 1 Ep. Joan. i. 2.

Secondly. But granting, for the sake of argument, that the root of *aiōnios* be the Sanscrit "i," "to go," the conclusion J. B. M. arrives at might be called into doubt very reasonably. For the *a* in the Sanscrit word *ayus* might be "privativum;" and therefore, so far from the derivation giving us the idea of going, it might give us the very contrary idea, of remaining stationary. It is not a little remarkable, that in all languages the verbs that mean permanent duration convey the notion of *station*, not of *motion*. In the Scriptures, consequently, we have this idea constantly: "Cælum et terra transibunt, verba autem mea non transibunt," &c.

If I must make an exception to this rule, it will be for words which convey the notion of *motion in a circle*; but then the idea meant to be given is not motion so much as action in the absence of beginning or end. Conf. the Hebrew word *dor*, with its derivatives (also *ophen*), and the various symbols of eternity. In two words, time that passes (the lapse of time) is expressed by motion (passing away); time that does not pass (duration, perpetuity of time) is expressed by that which remains (that *which* does *not* pass away).

I may add, that *aiōn* may be derived from *aiō*, "spirare." If *aiōn* and *aiēi* have the same root, I suspect this is the one.

Three reasons make me think this is the real derivation. I do not give them, as they would interest very few, and might not be understood unless I treated the subject at full length.

So that, Mr. Editor, as J. B. M. lives in a glass-house himself, I think he should be cautious about throwing stones.

I cannot admire the way he speaks of Petavius. "I can forgive old Petavius for such nonsense." The custom of alluding to authors by this appellative is condemned so unexceptionably by Lord Chesterfield in his Letters to his Son, and pronounced to be so intolerably vulgar, that I am surprised J. B. M. should have been guilty of this violation of good taste.

As to Petavius' knowledge of the Greek language, it may be judged of from the fact, that when hardly out of his teens he defended his philosophy in that tongue; a task many of the modern "illuminati" would shrink from performing in the vernacular. His much-admired translation of the Psalms into Greek was made by him when going to and from the refectory in one of the colleges of his society.

Even if he had the misfortune to live before Bopp, it cannot be said that he was ignorant of etymology. J. B. M. should remember also that theologians giving derivations do not always pretend to give the *primal* derivation of a word they may be writing upon, but often explain the meaning of the derived and obscure term from the more known and clear etymon of the word in the *same* language. An excel-

* Bopp, referred to by J. B. M., does *not* say they have the same root. See his dictionary, on the word *ayus*, quoted by J. B. M., with his usual inaccuracy, as *ayur*, though he should have known it is written that way only for the sake of euphony. Cf. the Gothic *aius*.

lent plan, as it does not call off the attention of students from the matter in hand. A professor would often show his wisdom much more if he contented himself in a theological lecture with stating that "tributum" comes from "tribus," than if he were to enter into a long disquisition as to the origin of the word "tribus" itself.

Let us speak when we can, Mr. Editor, in terms of respect of the Fathers of the Church, and of teachers of theology of the calibre of Petavius and Passaglia. They are our spiritual fathers, and instruct us in the most sublime of all sciences. When we cannot praise them, let us be silent; let us beware of holding up their weaknesses to ridicule. God Almighty still punishes the descendants of the ungrateful son, whose crime was not to make his parent ridiculous, but to bring others to join him in his mockery of the father who had made himself so.

I should have thought that Dr. Passaglia's late services to the Catholic cause, in defending with so much learning the privilege of the sacred Mother of God in her Immaculate Conception, would alone have entitled him to be spoken of with veneration.

Surely there is enough flippancy and irreverence in this country when speaking of holy things and persons, without J. B. M. spoiling his talent by encouraging such, however indirectly.

Why did he not give us an analysis of the little tract of Father Passaglia? he would have conferred a benefit and a pleasure upon all. Had he done no good, he could at least have done no harm.

There is a "knowledge that puffeth up." Let us beware of it. J. B. M. falls foul of every thing—the version of the Scriptures the priests quote from the pulpit, the hymns in the Breviary which they recite every day.

I am not of the number of those (if there be any such) who would wish to see the "*Rambler*" *fifth rate*, but I think it might be *first rate* without the boldness of some correspondents; a boldness very lately corrected in one,—and certainly not admired by any body in the writer who signs himself J. B. M.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

SACERDOS.

P.S. It may be only fair to state, that whatever may be J. B. M.'s opinion as to my strictures upon his letter, nothing shall induce me to be betrayed into a controversy upon Sanscrit or other roots. My object in making these few remarks has not been to state my preference for one derivation over another, but merely to call attention to the fact, that J. B. M. lays down as certain what is not always proof against doubt; and therefore censures learned and holy writers, to say the least of it, too hastily.

[We gladly print the foregoing letter; though we hardly think that justice is done in it to our correspondent J. B. M. Surely a man may laugh at what is certainly wrong, without being certainly right himself. J. B. M. does not blame the ancients for their inevitable mistakes, but only the moderns for needlessly reproducing them. Neither does he deny a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew to those fathers who made absurd derivations; Plato certainly understood Greek, yet nothing can be more foolish than the derivations of his "*Cratylus*." The theory of etymology was not understood in those days; and whenever it was attempted, the result to any well-informed modern is unfortunate. Not that moderns have any superiority of intellect over the ancients, but only an advanced knowledge of facts. The child now can laugh at the old sage who denied the antipodes. Further, we must beg to dissent from the dictum of "*Sacerdos*," that we may not ridicule what is ridi-

culous, if it happens to be found in the pages of a canonised writer. What inconveniences would result, if we had to accept all the chance sayings of Popes as given *ex cathedrâ*, or all the expressed opinions of constituted authorities as laws! "Every man," says an old author, "a little beyond himself is a fool." Whatever a man's wisdom, sanctity, or authority may be, they have limits; if he ventures beyond these limits, his wisdom and sanctity no longer protect him; he speaks unwisely, and we have as much right to laugh at *what he says* as if he were a nobody. To forbid it is a prim prudery which Christianity does not require of us. The wisdom of our fathers allowed the rule of the abbot of unreason, and saw no sacrilege in treating the most sacred things in a jocular way. No sensible Catholic is scandalised at the abuse of St. Januarius by the Neapolitan mob. We could tell stories of holy nuns turning the picture of a saint with its face to the wall, and even hanging it out of window, upon occasion. When the boy-priest in the child's Mass at the Roman college comes to his mock-elevation, cardinals and prelates burst into laughter; not to insult the image of holy things, but to prevent others from fancying the shadow to be the substance, and reverencing it accordingly. We must say we like this freedom, and can see no irreverence in it; it is far better than to force us to bottle up our feelings, and to play the hypocrite with ourselves.

The practice is even more requisite now than formerly; the son now no longer stands in his father's presence, kneels for his blessing every morning, or addresses him as "sir;" but we suppose the fourth commandment is kept as well now as in those stiff days. Even diplomacy is washing the starch from its ruffles, and unlacing the tightness of its corset. Sir Robert Peel's late speech at Birmingham—not that we wish to praise it—shows to what a length this change has already extended. It is better both for teachers and taught, for rulers and ruled, not to expect kings always to write with their sceptre, nor philosophers to have a recondite meaning when they wish you good morning. We see no harm in J. B. M.'s "showing up the utter and irretrievable nonsense which theologians talk when they get quite out of their sphere." We suppose that few persons would now assert that theology is the mother of other sciences in such a sense that a theologian's sphere embraces every other sphere of knowledge. Such a person would have a hard task; he must be prepared to defend all the assertions of all standard theologians on all subjects, and that not only in their writings, but in those of every body else who copies from them; for truth is one—once true always true. St. Augustine was right in denying antipodes, and the modern would be right who defended the same position! Bellarmine was right in contradicting Galileo, and the modern also is right in following the theologian rather than the astronomer! But seriously, if St. Augustine was within his sphere when asserting that the earth was a flat disk, or Bellarmine when teaching the immobility of the earth—*then it follows that these great theologians talked much untruth in their own spheres.* And what next? If all subjects of knowledge are within the theologian's sphere, when men find him talking nonsense about things they can see and touch, how will they believe him when he speaks about things which transcend sense? No, they will say; you profess to know all things, whether in earth or heaven; we see and know that you are wrong in your account of earthly things; how can we believe you when you speak to us of heavenly things?

Therefore we *must* admit the dictum of St. Thomas,* that "in mat-

* In lib. ii. sent. dis. 14 q. 1 art. 2 in corp. et in resp. ad 1.

ters of philosophy, which have nothing to do with faith, the teaching of the saints is of no more authority than the teaching of the philosophers whom they follow." The sphere of theologians is distinct from that of philosophers; it is not their province to make original excursions into the realms of philosophical speculation, but to follow the received systems, and to adapt them as they best may to their theology. This is why old theologians talked nonsense on matters of science. Not because theology taught them this nonsense, but because the philosophers whom they were obliged to follow led the way to it. J. B. M. expressly declared that he did not blame the old theologians for this, however much he might be amused with the whims of the philosophers which they embalm in their pages like dirt in amber. What he blames is, that modern theologians, when they draw illustrations from philosophy or science, instead of having recourse to the received modern authorities on these matters, should go back to the same exploded systems from which the old theologians drew their stores, and should treat us to the natural history of Pliny, instead of that of Professors Owen and Faraday. J. B. M. does not abuse the old theologians for not doing what they could not do; he abuses modern writers for not taking care to use the best authorities on all subjects which they have to introduce; and he calls their theology, thus disfigured, "*male ferrata*," finding fault not with its substance, but with its separable accidents; calling it "*ill-armed*," clad in mail which is not of proof, brandishing weapons which will not cut.

With every respect for our correspondent Sacerdos, we cannot help thinking that his objecting to a man's ridiculing that which is essentially ridiculous, the chapter on etymology in St. Anastasius' *Via Dux*, proceeds from an incomplete mastery of the principle of St. Thomas, and a consequent unwillingness to carry it out to its legitimate results. Take away the right of laughing at the scientific errors of a theologian on account of his sacred character, and you fall into the danger pointed out by St. Augustine in a passage which we have quoted before in this Journal, but which is quite important enough to be quoted again:

"It often happens that a person not a Christian has a most certain and profound knowledge of the earth and heaven; it is extremely degrading and pernicious, and most anxiously to be deprecated, that an unbeliever should ever hear a Christian laying down what he pretends to be the theological tradition on these subjects, but in reality such nonsense that his hearers cannot contain their laughter. *Not that we care for the mistaken man being derided*; but the misery is, that the sacred writers are supposed by those without to have held such opinions, and are rejected as ignorant."* Once protect the absurdities of the theologian from ridicule by the sanctity of his character, and you make his sanctity responsible for his absurdities; that is, you make sanctity itself ridiculous.]

THE LAMP.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—Permit me to place before your readers some remarks, neither long nor angry, respecting a review in the *Rambler* of a contribution which appeared in the *Lamp* last autumn. That article formed part of a series of papers which had reached me in the previous winter, all of

* Aug. de Gen. ad lit. ii. 18.

which had been much admired. The manuscript came to me through my esteemed friend (and at that time fellow-labourer) Mr. Bradley, the former editor of the *Lamp*; and as I in mistake concluded that he had, as with other articles, read and approved of it all, it went without examination before the public. It seems that Mr. Bradley had not read it, but was deceived. As soon as my attention was drawn to the tone, I published a repudiation of the contribution; and in the same Number a full account of the steps taken by St. Vincent de Paul which led to the condemnation of the Jansenist heresy, taking care also to prevent the publication of the continuation of the series. I was happy to find that this promptness was satisfactory; for at no period so much as within the last three months have the clergy so actively supported the *Lamp*, both by writing for it and by circulating it. If your reviewer had examined with more care the very part he reviewed, that gentleman would have seen that I took in October the exact course he now advises, viz. to publish an explanation, and to give St. Vincent's attack on Jansenism. Being resolved not to let the *Lamp* be drawn into discord, I carefully abstain from any irritating rejoinder; but wishing more harmony to English Catholics, and more kindliness in dealing with each other's faults, real or supposed, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES BURKE, *Editor of the Lamp*.

[The facts of the case are these: a Catholic journal, by some oversight, admits an heretical article, written by a Protestant, into its pages; the editor does not perceive his mistake, even in correcting the proofs; but in an early Number he puts a notice among his "answers and observations," apologising for "some sentences not in accordance with what he feels due to the Jesuits," and stating that, to prevent readers from taking a wrong view of Jansenism, he gives an account of that dangerous heresy. We, who thought that these "answers" were addressed to special correspondents, and not to the general public, did not look for the apology there; we expected to find it, if any had been made, in at least as conspicuous a place as the article requiring it had occupied, and conceived in terms as energetic as the gravity of the occasion demanded. Not finding what we expected where we looked for it, we spoke as we did, in a manner that we suppose any Catholic ought to speak of those who carelessly disseminate condemned heresies among the people. We can hardly recognise the very mild apology made as "the exact course which we had advised," or an adequate reparation of the evil. The *Lamp* is advertised for permanent use, in lending-libraries, &c. Readers, like ourselves, may find the poison without finding the antidote. If we had made such a mistake, we should have cancelled and reprinted the Number containing it. However, we have no wish to have any dispute with the Editor, and gladly own that if we had seen the apology we should not have written our review.]

THE EDITORSHIP OF THE RAMBLER.

We beg to inform our readers that the Editorship of the *Rambler* has returned to the hands of the gentleman who has edited it from its commencement; but who has been more than once incapacitated by serious indisposition from fulfilling its duties.